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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 27, 1979 Price One Dollar

V. 181
no. 17

Science and Socialism • A Mad American Duchess

Peter Stansky *W. A. Swanberg*

John Connally and Jesse Jackson, Soul Brothers

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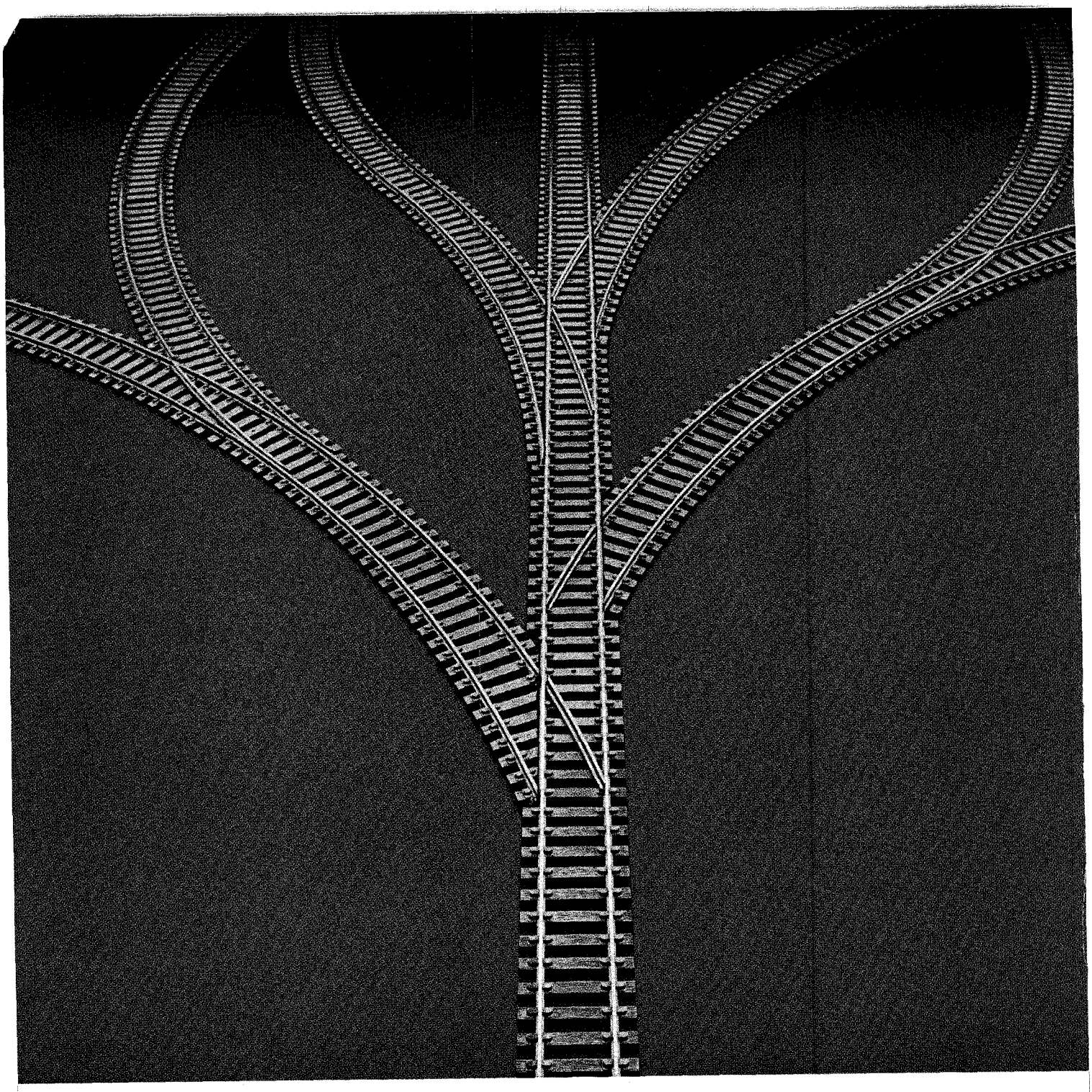

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TRB

from Washington
October 27, 1979

The Borscht Circuit

Truman characterized Stalin as "good old Joe." Churchill called him a "crafty giant." Dean Acheson said "you can't sit down with them." There was a time in World War II when we regarded them as trusty and stalwart fellow-crusaders. Eisenhower was going to return Khrushchev's hilarious 1959 visit to the USA (and they were even building a golf course for Ike in Russia) but it all crashed in 1960 with the Francis Gary Powers U-2 spy plane. Then came Nixon. He had built a career on anti-communism but suddenly created detente, signed SALT I in 1972, and, for three successive years, exchanged visits with Brezhnev.

It's been rocky like that for over 30 years. Now we sell them grain but deny them sophisticated computers. In 1974 we signed a seemingly friendly agreement promising to trade on non-discriminatory terms. We reneged with the Jackson-Vanik amendment making equal trade treatment contingent on dropping immigration controls. Moscow angrily slammed down on exit visas for two years but *Time* magazine now says the flow of Jewish emigration is "swelling to record levels." (German chancellor Helmut Schmidt, by contrast, practiced quiet, discreet diplomacy and in 1976 secured the repatriation of around 70,000 ethnic Germans from the Soviet bloc. We preferred the congressional theatrical approach.)

Let there be no doubt about it, Russia is now setting the pace of the arms build-up. She is spending more money than the US on guns and a vastly bigger proportion of her gross income. She has achieved rough equivalency at least, she has caught up, and she shows no signs of stopping. Alas, the US (which has technological superiority) is bound, I think, to increase its own arms expenditures again, and the two frightened superpowers will sit glaring and trembling at each other, possessing over 13,000 strategic nuclear warheads aimed at each other.

Now we are coming to the crunch in the Senate over the SALT II strategic arms limitation treaty. While everybody condescends to Jimmy Carter (who got us the Camp David Summit, the normalization of relations with China, and the treaty with Panama), he repeats again and again that "this is undoubtedly the most important single issue that I will have to face as President unless we are faced with actual war." Well, he is right. But once more consider the case of the two frightened giants.

On the US side the "realists" got us into Korea and Vietnam. They created the falling domino theory of monolithic communism. China and Russia were indissoluble; if you denied it Joe McCarthy would get you. The residue of the theory is so strong that we tremble at the thought of two or three thousand Russians in a combat brigade in Cuba: one of the strangest episodes in recent US history. It was clumsily handled by Carter and was finally wiped off the front page only by the fortuitous visit of the pope.

On the Russian side the faithful are still dominated, in theory at least, by the ideological imperative of a world revolution, although nobody in the Western world believes in Marxist-Leninism anymore. The Russian economy is weary and stagnant; the people are hard pressed; the leaders are "quite ordinary men," in the words of George Kennan. Kennan calls them "highly conservative men, perhaps the most conservative ruling group to be found anywhere in the world, markedly advanced in age, approaching the end of their tenure, and given to anything else but rash adventure." Brezhnev will be 73 in December and is ailing. It's now or never for him.

Carter and Brezhnev signed the treaty at Geneva on June 18. The Senate committee started hearings July 9. Now they're on again and majority leader Byrd is urging floor debate beginning November 1, perhaps with television. (That would give them a chance to shout and strut.) I thought the treaty would lose. It is terribly complicated with things like Telemetry Encryption and Multiple Reentry Vehicles; it goes too far for conservatives (two denunciations in *Reader's Digest* with no rebuttal); not far enough for liberals (George McGovern made menacing noises). Also it tempts McCarthyism. Ninety-five Republican officeholders, including 26 senators, announced in February at Easton, Maryland that the party should abandon "bipartisanship in foreign policy" and make an issue of "Soviet aggressiveness" and Carter "softness."

My biggest reason for apprehension (which still holds) is that America abandons democracy in treaty ratification. It requires a two-thirds Senate vote, not a majority, and it doesn't let the House vote at all. America does this at its peril, I think. It means that one negative vote cancels two affirmative votes, and that 34 out of 535 elected legislators can veto a treaty that took seven years to achieve. I know sincere people disagree with me. But I still have a sneaking fondness for democracy. The founding fathers thought treaties were too subtle for democracy: the Senate was an elitist group (appointed then, not elected) which could preserve America's insularity, four or five weeks away by sailing ship from monarchial intrigues. What it means today is that one McCarthy can cancel out two Fulbrights or, if you consider the non-voting House, 15 other representatives. Our system is unique. It almost rejected the Panama treaties and, in 1919-20, killed the League of Nations. The League had a majority on every vote, but not a two-thirds majority. Maybe World War II would have come anyway. But with the League rejected it did come punctually, as Wilson predicted.

If SALT II passes, it will be because Carter promised big new arms expenditures. Also because German chancellor Helmut Schmidt pleaded for it at every point. He told the Harvard commencement, "no people in Europe would be more seriously affected by failure of SALT II than the German people." He has repeated it steadily since. I once asked anti-treaty Senator Scoop Jackson how he accounted for European support of SALT. He replied with a shrug that the Europeans speak out of both sides of their mouths. The fact is that in Washington's strange atmosphere it is easy to condescend to Carter but hard to ignore Schmidt. He and other Europeans are telling us that if we want NATO allies we had better pass SALT.

Richard Strout, "TRB from Washington" since 1942, will appear on "The Dick Cavett Show" on November 6 and 7 (not on October 26 as originally scheduled). Broadcast dates sometimes vary around the country, so check your local listing.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 27, 1979

John Connally, Weakling

Sooner or later, it was bound to happen that a US politician would try to run for president on a platform of selling Israel out for oil. The short-term gains to be had in exploiting this option were simply too great for some sleazy opportunist not to seize upon it eventually. He would be offering American voters an end to gas lines, a hold-down on oil prices, a guarantee of energy supplies. He could tap American irritation with the intractability of Middle East issues, offering Israeli "intransigence" as the reason. He could exploit deep conspiratorial suspicions in the US population, hinting that Jewish political pressure has made it impossible in the past to do what's in America's real national interest. He could claim to be the courageous leader who's going to break these shackles at long last, forcing Israel out of Arab territory. He could cloak his sell-out as a peace plan, a security plan, dressing it up with lots of guarantees for Israel and with anti-Russian, anti-radical verbiage. And then he could sell himself to the electorate as a world statesman, a peacemaker, a visionary strategist.

On October 11, of course, this temptation found its opportunist, and wouldn't you know who it would turn out to be. Whenever there has been a choice between principle and advantage, between ethics and enrichment, between honor and ambition, John Connally has been on the side of the main chance. He was a Democrat when it was advantageous, but abandoned his party in hopes of becoming the anointed successor of his worshipful pal, Richard Nixon. Too bad for Connally, Nixon never got to anoint a successor, but it wasn't Connally's fault. "Burn the tapes," this tough law-and-order man told Nixon. But Nixon, poor fellow, had too many lawyerly scruples to follow that advice. Nixon knows a strong man when he sees one, though, and still favors Connally for president.

Running for the GOP nomination, Connally masquerades now as a committed conservative, but he was an advocate of wage and price controls in the Nixon days, and of corporate bailouts from the government, too. He claims to be a tough anti-communist, but after he left the Nixon administration, he became lawyer-negotiator in a multi-billion-dollar natural gas pipeline deal with the Soviet Union. If it had gone through, Connally would have made tens of millions of dollars from detente. Lately he has been making his money through the Arabs. In 1977, for example, he and two Saudis purchased a controlling interest in the Main Bank of Houston, one of the oil town's largest institutions. One of Connally's Saudi partners in the Main Bank deal, Ghaith R. Pharaon, later bought out Bert Lance's stock in the National Bank of Georgia, paying President Carter's friend almost double the market price. Connally's Houston law firm, Vinson and Elkins, handled the negotiation.

John Connally's "new approach to build stability and lasting peace in the Middle East"—so it was billed in full-page newspaper ads by his presidential campaign committee—should not be discounted simply because of its author's business connections, whatever they may reveal about his background and sympathies. On its merits, the Connally plan is a travesty. It represents the abandonment of an ally, a submission to blackmail. It contains fraudulent promises to the American people, empty assurances of security to Israel, the US, and the Arabs. It is a prescription for turbulence, conflict, and renewed Soviet penetration of the Middle East. It makes a mockery of Connally's claims to be the "strong leader" America is looking for in 1980, and ought to serve as a warning to Americans tempted to confuse macho with wisdom in world affairs.

At its essence, the Connally plan is not a demonstration of American strength, but a submission to fear. "The oil of the Middle East is and will continue to be the lifeblood of Western civilization for decades to come," Connally says. But as long as Middle East tensions

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continue, "there hovers over our nation and all the nations of the West the awful specter of economic upheaval, social disruption, and political chaos." To settle the Arab-Israeli dispute, Connally proposes abandoning the Camp David negotiating process and jumping to a new comprehensive approach in which Israel would relinquish control of the Arab territories it captured in 1967. Connally favors Palestinian Arab "self-determination" in the West Bank. He says he hopes the Palestinians would affiliate with the Kingdom of Jordan. Almost everyone except the Palestinians would like this, including the Israelis. But the Palestinians have expressed no interest in such an arrangement, so far. There is nothing in Connally's plan to prevent the establishment of an independent Palestinian state governed by the Palestine Liberation Organization. As part of the plan, the US would establish bases in the Middle East and guarantee the security of Israel and the moderate Arabs. And: "we must secure a clear understanding from Saudi Arabia and other moderate oil-producing nations in the region that a just and comprehensive peace settlement means a return to stable oil prices in real terms. The Arabs must, in short, forsake the oil weapon in return for Israel's withdrawal from the occupied territories."

This is a naked trade of Israel's security for oil. There is nothing in the plan—there could be nothing—to guarantee that a PLO state in the West Bank could not serve as a staging area for attacks into Israel, and a staging area protected by the Soviet Union, at that. The state would be officially demilitarized, but what would prevent unofficial attacks from uncontrollable terrorist splinter groups? If Israel retaliated, what would prevent the Soviet Union from threatening to intervene to protect the PLO state, or from demanding that the US prevent Israel from defending itself?

What is to prevent the PLO state from serving as a staging area, too, for radical subversion of "reactionary" Arab regimes, such as Saudi Arabia? Doesn't John Connally know from his Saudi friends that they don't really want an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank, despite what they say in public? If he does not, he has not been listening, which makes him a bad statesman. If he does, then he is perpetrating a political fraud upon them and us for his own short-term political interest. The Saudis are being blackmailed by the Arab radicals into backing a PLO state and into using their oil weapon as a means of blackmailing us. Suppose the blackmail succeeded once. Why should the radicals stop with a Palestinian state in the West Bank? Why shouldn't they force the Saudis to use the oil weapon to get Israel back to its 1948 borders, or to become a "secular state"? Once blackmail has worked, blackmailers usually are encouraged to try it again. Big John Connally, if he had real leadership qualities, would know this.

Connally must know what a phony political promise he is making in suggesting that the West could secure "stable oil prices in real terms" as part of his deal. Oil prices are not being set politically. They are set by an OPEC cartel which contains non-Arabs as well as Arabs, and whose interest is in milking the world of all the dollars it possibly can. Connally's plan contains no proposals to deal realistically with that problem. Any such genuine proposal to break OPEC would harm his Arab clients and big oil pals.

John Connally is plainly a desperate man. He has managed to captivate the occupants of America's corporate boardrooms. He is being showered with campaign contributions, and many GOP professionals have been attracted to Connally's camp by the candidate's telegenic masculinity. But the Connally campaign is plainly dead in the water among the nation's voters, Republican and Democrat. Among Republicans, according to the latest Gallup figures, Connally is running a poor fourth, with nine percent support, behind Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, and Howard Baker. In a head-to-head contest, Connally loses to Reagan, 64 to 29. Nationally, the poll shows President Carter beating Connally by 52 percent to 40, and Edward Kennedy trouncing him, 63 percent to 30.

Connally plainly is trying to break out of his political doldrums. In the past, he has roused crowds by making demagogic, faintly racist attacks on Japan's restrictionist trade policies. Now he is running against Israel. His Middle East speech focused primarily on the Begin government and its policies, but there are hints in the text that he will not stop there. He said he had decided "to speak clearly and without concern for political consequences" about Middle East issues. He also said, "our Middle East policy must not be paralyzed by politics." The implication of this is that he expects to be politically martyred for his ideas by American Jews, who must be very powerful indeed, both in controlling US Middle East policy and in US domestic politics. In fact, Jews have no influence in the Republican nominating process. In deeper fact, John Connally made this Middle East proposal precisely because of his hope for its political consequences. This is a tawdry grab for votes, especially ominous in its suggestion of tawdrier tricks to come.

What Florida Means

The Florida Democratic caucuses of October 13 never should have been held at all. Or, if held, they should not have been dignified by the national press attention they attracted. But having built up the caucuses into a national test of strength between President Carter and Senator Kennedy, the press should have covered them fairly and reported the results straight. If Senator Kennedy had won in Florida, the press certainly would have declared that President Carter had been proven so

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Correspondence

Male bonding: a hoary chestnut

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie will have to do better than that if he expects to be convincing as a serious analyst of the effect of women on the armed forces (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, October 13). That hoary chestnut of male bonding—the "ceremonious life of its own . . . sustained by a life that is masculine" on which the "life and skill of an army depend"—is a sad and tired argument.

Mr. Fairlie might begin with an honest acknowledgment that he and his military historian friend are afflicted with male chauvinism of the deepest and most noticeable kind, most evident to others because they deny it to themselves.

Hanna Papanek
Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts

Another look at the reefer debate

To the editors:

TNR claims to hope that "reason will prevail" in its piece called (with perhaps happy, if unintended, ambiguity) "Reefer Madness," *TNR*, October 8. Reason never prevails, however, where reasons don't, and it is disappointing to a loyal reader of this journal to see such inept argument brought to bear on such an important public issue. A few examples:

"Experiments indicate marijuana may prove a boon to medicine." Like cobalt radiation and morphine? Fine, but presumably this is not an argument for the "recreational use" of anything.

"Marijuana also is reported to cause cancer. But the American Cancer Society has pointed out that inhaling any product of combustion is a potential cancer hazard." What is the logical integrity of the word "but" that connects these sentences? Presumably "because" would be more to point.

"Millions have used cocaine and a million and a half use it regularly, yet possession is still a felony." This form of argument—"lots of folks do it"—has had a long and sleazy career defending all sorts of obnoxious practices and institutions. In making a moral argument it is best not to appeal to the judgment of unidentified masses of people, particularly those very people whose judgment is in question in the first place.

"Some people inevitably will abuse substances used in moderation by others. . . . That is no argument for banning marijuana, any more than bad drivers are an argument for banning cars." Well, bad drivers are surely not an argument *in favor* of cars and, combined with accidents of even good drivers, would probably amount to a reason for banning them if our society did not value speed and convenience more than a certain number of lives. Are there comparable (or more compelling) societal imperatives that favor marijuana and cocaine use?

"The government has discovered no proof that marijuana is either physically or psychologically addictive, or that it causes brain and chromosome damage, or male impotence." One does not "discover" a "proof." One cites discovered evidence that either does or does not amount to proof in the judgment of whoever is weighing the evidence. Surely *TNR* knows that in the judgments of several noteworthy scientific minds the evidence of possible hazards of marijuana use seems at least to encourage caution. Nearly all agree that the evidence is complex and inconclusive. But to state flatly that there is "no evidence" for its harmfulness smacks of the same disingenuousness as the tobacco grower who says there is "no evidence" that breathing someone *else's* cigarette smoke is hazardous. One suspects a prejudice at work, controlling what one will allow as "evidence."

Perhaps I've been smoking too much cavendish lately, but "Reefer Madness" struck me as neither illuminating nor compelling.

Scott O'Brien
Middlebury, Connecticut

To the editors:

I was disappointed to see your editorial on pot and cocaine. I don't think you should waste your lead editorial space on the doubtful enterprise of legalizing drug use. While your summary of the failures of "drug enforcement" and your estimates of wide use are on the mark, your selective reference to medical and other studies is less commendable. Since studies in the US are severely restricted—surely an unwise policy—much is not known about either drug.

I believe it is stupid and a waste of time to distort reality, unless one needs to escape something. But why should I lay my standards on others? Clearly I shouldn't! So legalize both drugs, I agree, for over-the-counter sale. However, that is not enough; for there will be consequences and they must be planned for. The potential for problems of such a change are so great that free enterprise should not be turned loose on it. Like some states which operate state liquor stores, the federal government should establish a government corporation to obtain and sell these drugs. There should be no hype and no profit.

Now let's go back to some real problems: unemployment, inflation, people's rights, energy. . . .

Barry W. Strejcek
Washington, DC

Collagen

To the editors:

"Collagen" is the name of the protein forming connective tissue. It is not a disease (review of *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient*, *TNR*, September 29). Whoever is responsible for this bit of idiocy should be boiled in oil and fed to the *National Review*.

Daniel P. Agin
Cummings Life Science Center
Chicago, Illinois

Tiresome praise

To the editors:

Once more we are told, in Alan L. Miller's review of Edgar Berman's *Hubert: The Triumph and Tragedy of the Humphrey I Knew*, (*TNR*, September 29) of Mr. Humphrey's loyalty to President Johnson by not speaking out against Johnson's "policy of escalation in Vietnam." One becomes tired of this praise for loyalty to the leader of an evil cause. Mr. Humphrey was at least frank enough to admit the real reason for his "loyalty": he wanted to be president.

A.R. Fulton
Loudonville, New York

Author's query

To the editors:

For a study of the Black Legion, a terrorist offshoot of the KKK in the 1930s, I seek the papers of Ben Allen, left-wing researcher on US corporate control and investigator for the LaFollette Sub-Committee in 1936-37.

(continued on page 40)

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politically weak that he ought to withdraw as a candidate in 1980. But it looks as if President Carter won, though the final returns still are not in as we write. Instead of declaring that President Carter has more strength than anyone expected of him, though, most of the press is saying that Florida doesn't really mean much—that the state's too close to Carter's home in Georgia, that Carter poured in federal money and people while Teddy didn't campaign, that caucuses aren't really elections after all, etc.

This is unfair, and it's another example of what happens all too often with the national political press at election time: it decides how things ought to come out, then reports the results to conform. The press has been saying Carter's a pushover for Kennedy. If the results don't bear that out, it's reported there's something wrong with the results.

Florida means something. If Carter really did win, it means Kennedy can't pretend he's running for president to save the Democratic party from a politically impotent incumbent. He'll have to say he wants it because he wants it. Carter wants it, too, and there will be a rugged fight. The press should make up its mind right now to play no favorites.

The Human Comedy

A statement of editorial purpose in the October issue of the *Washington Dossier*, a society magazine:

> The *Dossier* is not a mass medium. Look elsewhere for a record of plebian pursuits and an avalanche of clotted words like those that fill spaces between the ads in the local mass media. *Dossier's* turf is unique in America and most of the participants in our social chronicle have been well-educated in the rough-and-tumble school of American success.
>
> Contrary to what currently is being said in dubious quarters, most of the actors of the *Dossier* stage come from somewhere else, washed up from the outer banks by ambition or idealism, altruism or greed, political victory or defeat—or simply the need to escape boredom and insignificance.
>
> They come from the ranks of the very poor and the very rich, from slums and mansions, farms and cities and everything in between. Some played in the high school band, sold Girl Scout cookies, sneaked smokes behind the barn, hung out in pool halls, went to prep schools or no schools, ate pasta, bagels, tortillas, grits or egg foo young. Their skin tones are a million mutations of the primary colors.
>
> What they share is the simple discovery that mobility and opportunity are the only ingredients that hold the system together. What would America be if there did not exist the possibility that, through the manipulation of opportunity, one could move from poverty to riches, from obscurity to notoriety, from ignorance to enlightenment, and (this truth may hurt) from caste to caste and class to class?
>
> The common denominator of having moved from the provinces to the pinhead of national capital eminence very naturally moves such people of like interests to cluster together. As such, they are a species worthy of study, a classic case of natural selection, as most of them go about the business of administering a vast, complex and increasingly ungovernable nation.
>
> If we catch them in moments of laughter or leisure, dressed to the ears, sipping and supping from bounteous boards, pompadoured and pampered, raise up a cheer for America, kids! They're walking testimony to the fact the system still works.

White House Watch

In Chicago

While the President was addressing an enormous fund-raising dinner in Chicago—the biggest in the city's history, according to its organizer and beneficiary, Mayor Jane Byrne—a reporter who had fallen in with a bunch of Chicago and Cook County Democratic pols asked them whether Carter was doing himself any good with his appearance and speech on that night of October 15. Chicago and Cook County are assumed by their working pols to be Kennedy country, regardless of what their personal preferences may be. The question was understood though not stated to be, was he doing himself any good against Senator Edward Kennedy? After much mulling at the table, for seats at which the guests or their sponsors had paid $100 apiece, the agreed answer was: "He can't be hurting himself. He may be helping himself—a little." The most positive supplement to the general answer was, "At least he's slowing up the tide for Kennedy."

The dinner was the high point of a two-day Carter campaign trip to Chicago and Kansas City. There will be more campaign trips to the Middle West and every other US region, including, before this report is read, a gooey visit to Boston to join Senator Kennedy in dedicating the John F. Kennedy Library at Harvard. The Chicago episode was full of comedy and the raw politics—the way-it-is politics—for which Chicago and Cook County are famous.

This reporter was invited to join what would have been "the Stevenson table" if Senator Adlai Stevenson had been present. The head of his Chicago office prefers to be identified as D. (not Dee) Clancey. She represented him. She's a lovely and reticent woman. Senator Stevenson's absence was explained at his

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Washington office as follows. He got an invitation to pay the standard $100 for a place at a dinner table. He paid the $100. He did not regard what his staff calls "the usual dun" as an invitation to the dinner by Mayor Byrne. He therefore declined a White House invitation to fly out to Kansas City and Chicago on Air Force One with the President. He must have known that even senators are "with" the President on Air Force One on these trips to a very limited extent. At airport stops, yes. Aboard, very little. People at the Stevenson table and at other tables talked at length about the Chicago and Cook County realities that Carter was dealing with that evening. Mayor Byrne, an attractive and tough-looking dame who is said to be tougher than she looks, gave him (and Kennedy) a dose of those realities that evening and on the following morning, when she had Carter and about 50 Chicago dignitaries, political and civic and financial, to breakfast at her home.

The memorable speech at the dinner was Mayor Byrne's. Carter's speech was crammed with references to his dear friend the mayor and all his administration had done for Chicago in the way of grants, loans, and other federal benefits. Mostly they were benefactions that previous administrations had conferred and that any administration, party aside, would be continuing in this era of federal largesse. Jane Byrne and other local speakers let him get by with skipping the burning Chicago issue, school busing, even when, in the course of making gross political capital of his and the nation's welcome to Pope John Paul II, Carter referred to the pope's and the President's dedication to the virtue and viability of neighborhoods. This reporter's liberal hosts at the Chicago dinner seemed to be remarkably uninterested in the busing issue. All they appeared to care about was not having to live next door to blacks.

The general report was that Carter and his people got less out of Mayor Byrne in the way of 1980 support than they had hoped for. They got more than they had expected. She'd been quoted before Carter's Chicago visit as saying she supported the President. She later said she didn't necessarily mean she would be for him as the party's 1980 candidate. At the Chicago dinner, she said that if she had to vote right then she'd be for Carter "in the national political tradition that an incumbent deserves a second term upon reasonable performance and dedication to the national welfare." Carter's peanut grin remained intact when she added: "It would be premature and presumptuous of me to say that I believe that our Democratic party ought to renominate our present leader for another term." She also said in a blatant reference to Senator Kennedy: "I . . . admonish those who would divide the Democratic party in the national elections that they may reap the political wild wind. I do not think we can afford a national intraparty bloodbath."

There were about 6000 people in the hall where she and Carter spoke, another 6000 on the floor below. Somebody had paid $100 for every table seat. For what purpose? For Byrne's future campaigns, not for Carter's or any other Democrat's campaigns, it was understood. Here you get into the guts of Chicago and Cook County Democratic politics. This event and the uncertainty about the proceeds thereof would not have been possible under the late mayor and Cook County democratic chairman Richard Daley. The fashion in Chicago is to say that Jane Byrne means nothing in terms of city and county power; Cook County party chairman George Dunne means everything. Dunne was at the dinner and on the dais. He choppered and motorcaded with Carter and Byrne. But it was her dinner, she invited Carter to it and to the next day's breakfast, and she sold an incredible 12,000 tickets at $100 each for dinner seats. There were hostile murmurs that an inordinate proportion of the indicated $1.2 million went into constructing a cream-white, full-scale replica of the shore-side facade of the *Delta Queen*, the paddleboat on which the Carters recently cruised down the upper Mississippi. Mayor Byrne or somebody must have decided that this was when Carter really started campaigning for reelection. It was silly, obviously expensive, but fun to see, especially when Carter walked down the long dais and posed beside the absurd replica of a turning paddle wheel.

After the mayor's breakfast for Carter, George Dunne said it would be premature for Cook County Democrats to commit themselves to anybody. Carter said of Mayor Byrne's dinner statement: "It was perfect. It was close enough." She said that if she'd gone any further than she did at the dinner, she'd have angered the Cook County Democratic organization and "the chairman of the party," meaning Dunne, "would get mad." For this reporter, the climactic act of the comedy was a telegram that Mayor Byrne had received from Senator Kennedy and made public before Carter arrived. It admonished her to "remember, I've loved you and Chicago longer." Kennedy's press spokesman in Washington, Tom Southwick, said the telegram was the senator's idea. Pro-Kennedy wisies whom this reporter met at the Chicago dinner thought it was extraordinarily stupid.

One of the Chicago pols who was encountered at the Byrne dinner was Joanne Alter. She's a member of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission. In the opinion of a Chicago journalist whom I respect, she is one of Chicago's smartest pols. She ran for lieutenant governor of Illinois with Dan Walker, got a million votes, and lost. He won and spent an unhappy term with a Republican lieutenant governor. After Jane Byrne had introduced Carter with her equivocal non-endorsement, Joanne Alter bet me five dollars that Byrne would end up with Senator Kennedy for the 1980 nomination. In a telephone conversation on October 17, she said I could report the bet and offered to up it. We doubled it to $10. She announced that evening that she is a candidate for delegate to the 1980 convention, pledged to Kennedy.

Alter and others of her persuasion might be

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disregarded, but for one thing that happened at the Chicago dinner. When Mayor Byrne said that she'd be for Carter if she had to vote then and there, she paused and by her manner invited the 6000 people in her presence to stand and applaud. Nobody at the Stevenson table did. Maybe 200 out of the 6000 stood.

John Osborne

On the Hill

Gangbusters

It looked to be the rumble of the year. Last week the House Republican Research Committee's Task Force on Welfare Reform, a feisty gang of middle-aged dudes who cruise Capitol Hill, took on the biggest, roughest, raunchiest collection of rascals this side of the Atlantic: the Pagans, the Banditos, the Renegades, and even the infamous Hell's Angels. The publicized purpose of this challenge was to lay bare what the Task Force called the most "pernicious" crime committed by these nefarious outlaw motorcycle gangs: "the systematic abuse of our nation's public assistance programs designed for the poor."

After what was said to be a year-long investigation, the Task Force was ready to swing some chains. Law enforcement officers who specialize in outlaw gangs, a couple of reporters who have investigated bikers in Pennsylvania, and a couple of reformed outlaw club members were brought in to even the match. Reporters and television cameras were on hand to cover the mêlée.

The Republican assault was led by Representative Robert Walker of Pennsylvania, whose constituents have been bothered and bullied by the Pagans, a national club generally believed to be bigger than any other gang except the Hell's Angels. Walker's right-hand man on the Task Force was Representative John Rousselot of California, who recently resigned from the John Birch Society and may challenge Allan Cranston for his Senate seat in 1980. Outlaw motorcycle gangs are hot news these days in California, where a widely publicized trial of 18 Hell's Angels, including Sonny Barger, the club's president, is about to begin. It will be the first time a motorcycle gang has been tried under the federal organized crime statute. The 18 angels are accused of involvement in drugs, gun dealing, prostitution, and murder.

The Task Force made its stand in the Gold Room of the Rayburn House Office Building, a small hearing room with a conspicuous absence of gold. Along the north wall stood a line of two-foot by four-foot poster boards on easels. Each poster contained a description in large block letters of an outlaw biker said to be wanted "dead" by an opposing gang. A Walker aide said the Republican task force had compiled this "hit list" from sources cultivated in its year-long investigation. Three of the posters read:

Joe Balichio, A.K.A. "Kinky Joe"
5'9", 190 lbs.
Stocky, frizzy hair, cocky as a mother-fucker

Tony DeSantis, A.K.A. "Terrible Tony," "Target Tony"
Address: On top of stores across the street from Turf Lounge
5'10", about 190 lbs.
Light brown hair and frizzy beard, smart mouth
Often seen asking for Tequila and orange juice

Bob Donalson, A.K.A. "Dino"
6'2", 230 lbs.
address: '72 Plymouth, bronze
Brown curly hair, goatee, missing one leg

Under the glaring TV camera light, Walker struck the first blow. "The subject matter of today's proceedings is in many ways grim. However, it is my view that the public's best interest is served by focusing on the systematic rip-off of the welfare system by a criminal element in our society," Walker said. The hearing, however, never quite seemed to focus on this systematic abuse of the welfare system. Almost all of the testimony concerned the bizarre lifestyle and violent antics of the gangs.

The gangs, it was said, originated in California shortly after World War II. The heroes of war, unable to cope with the boredom of peace, found camaraderie and an outlet for their frustration in free-wheeling motorcycle clubs. The old VFW clubs just couldn't match the excitement of the Hell's Angels. In 1947, the small town of Hollister, California, was virtually taken over by a motorcycle gang. (This incident was immortalized six years later in a film called *The Wild One*, starring Marlon Brando.) America's love affair with the motorcycle tough was on. After many other movies and books about motorcycle gangs, local police around the country found themselves faced with an epidemic of outlaw biker clubs. A mystique surrounded them, created, in large part, by the media, which portrayed gang members as totally uninhibited, fearless debauchers with a penchant for violence, drunkenness, and rape.

The law enforcement officials testified that by the mid-1960s, these gangs were dabbling in drug trafficking. By now, these outlaw biker clubs have "evolved into multistructured, highly disciplined groups" which traffic annually in millions of dollars worth of drugs, guns, and stolen motorcycles and automobiles. Terry Katz, a corporal of the Maryland State Police, testified that these gangs "engage in any form of illicit activity

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which the member of an outlaw gang feels will bring him financial benefit without an honest day's work." That's where the welfare abuse comes in. Allegedly these outlaw bikers cheat the system by using false names and sometimes by registering for welfare in more than one state, biking across the country collecting multiple checks. Walker said that in his investigation he often heard law enforcement officials from across the country say that whenever they arrest and search a biker, they find at least one welfare card among his "personal affects." Walker said his investigation further showed that the biker's wife or "mama" often would collect welfare while she was also forced by her husband to work as a prostitute or at other jobs where payment is in cash. Her entire income, he said, would be given to her "man."

The Task Force brought in a woman who had lived with the Banditos, a Texas-based gang with chapters in at least six other states. She was said to have escaped after being threatened with execution by her biker husband. "Mary," as she was called, already had starred in a segment of the ABC news magazine show, "20/20." She appeared before the Task Force as a protected witness. The camerapersons and photographers were asked to shoot "Mary" only from the back. Task Force members appeared visibly concerned and appropriately disgusted as Mary told of the sexual abuse she and other biker "mamas" had endured. She called it "white slavery" and said women are bought and sold by club members as if they were motorcycles. She said if a woman steps out of line punishment could be fatal. She recounted the cases of women who were forced to endure a "train": "anywhere from 50-200 gang members sexually abuse her in any way they choose." It took Mary 12 years to escape from the Banditos, she said.

All this was suitably shocking. But when Mary was asked about the Banditos' abuse of the welfare system, she chagrined the panel by saying there was none. She said the welfare agents check too closely; the gang members couldn't qualify. In fact, all the witnesses except one testified that they had not seen any abuse of the welfare system by outlaw motorcycle gangs, although they said they did not doubt it exists.

There's the rub. The witnesses rendered convincing testimony about the well-organized criminal activities of the modern motorcycle gangs, but no one brought to light any evidence to show that these gangs conspire to rip off the welfare system. Indeed, by showing exactly how organized the gangs have become and how much money they make from drug trafficking—still their main source of income—as well as gun running and extortion, the Task Force seemed to prove that only the lowliest of club members, who don't yet reap the benefits of systemized crime, need to get welfare.

Some witnesses at the hearing compared the motorcycle gangs of today to the Mafia in the 1920s. That may be a fair comparison. Clearly, motorcycle gangs are more than just footloose and fancy-free drunken thugs. The proposition that they have much to do with the welfare system remains a Republican fantasy.

Rene Becker

Politics

Denial Affirmative

What may be called the denial affirmative has always been a device of the politician, but seldom has there been so tempting an opportunity to use it as this year. It runs in its simplest form: "I do not intend to mention Chappaquiddick." But this is capable of refinement, as are most forms of torture. "Although it has become an issue in this election, I will keep my views on Chappaquiddick to myself." Or, "I see that Governor Connally has said that he has never been responsible for the death of a woman by drowning. Nevertheless I will stick to my intention not to raise the incident in the campaign." People will get so used to the denial that it will soon be possible to drop the name. "I do not intend to mention . . . " will be enough, and will in fact be very effective, since people will fill in the name for themselves, and so engrave it on their minds.

But the politicians could not have such a good time with the denial affirmative if the press and television did not act as accomplices and even goad them into it. They comb the statements of candidates for possible references to Chappaquiddick. Thus the *Washington Post* extracted Connally's remark from the rest of his speech, and put it into a special box with the headline "A Warning on Chappaquiddick." It was the press that jumped so readily at President Carter's remark that he had never panicked in a crisis. This enabled Carter to repeat and reinforce his original statement, by saying that when he talked of not panicking in a crisis he had not been speaking of Chappaquiddick.

Since newspapers are not satisfied today to report simply what a candidate has said, the campaign is now edited for us by the press as never before. The news reports of a candidate's speeches are in fact no different from the instant commentaries that are given on television after a candidate has spoken. This enables the press to use the denial affirmative to the full. Indeed,

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the press more and more constructs its stories on the denial affirmative. For 10 days or so before the exercise in Florida on October 13, the media kept on saying that it was a non-election and even a media event (leaving us to puzzle out who it is who creates a media event). One opened one's newspaper, listened to the radio, and watched the screen, on the morning of October 14, and there was the Florida voting as the lead story. This was a perfect example of the working of the denial affirmative: "This story is of no importance but it is significant because. . . . "

A friend whose name has sometimes appeared in the newspapers over the years as a subject of controversy has laid it down as a rule that he never asks for a correction to a story. He argues that the impression left by the original story on those who have read it is not removed by the correction, and that those who read only the correction are likely to assume that there was some truth in the original story. This was the device used by the press during the years of Joe McCarthy. It published his accusations. "Sen. Joe McCarthy (R-Wisc.) declared yesterday that Professor Henry Higgins is a member of the Communist Party." If Professor Higgins was fool enough, he demanded that a reply be published. "Professor Henry Higgins said yesterday that he has never been a member of the Communist Party, as Sen. Joe McCarthy (R-Wisc.) accused him of being. . . . " Anyone who knows how most people read their newspapers knows also exactly the words that jump forward and stick in people's minds. The denial has only had the effect of affirming the accusation.

The press and television are able to keep all kinds of stories alive by use of the denial affirmative. It is a favorite device of those who are not but wish to appear to be investigative reporters. The much vaunted CBS program "Sixty Minutes" is particularly adept at this. Again and again it discounts the accusations it is making. One of its methods is for the "reporter" to look sternly into the camera and say that its victim had refused to be interviewed. One knows how one is meant to respond. Someone who refused to be interviewed must be guilty by definition! A story about Hamilton Jordan in the *Washington Post* of October 14 slid in a sentence about the "unsubstantiated allegations" against him. The sentence added nothing to the story, which would have stood up without it. But "unsubstantiated" is a fine word of the denial affirmative. Throw mud, but only from cover.

I'LL NEVER DREDGE UP TEDDYS PAST...
THAT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE.
SURE, OTHERS MAY GO OFF THE DEEP END ABOUT CHAPPA-QUIDDICK.
BUT I SAY, LET TED SINK OR SWIM ON THE ISSUES.
POLITICALLY, IT MAY BE HARD TO KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.
BUT.. I'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN I COME TO IT.
drawing by Mike Peters

It is important to raise these questions this early because there is every sign that the press is going to cover this election yet more irresponsibly than before as it hypes what it then denounces for being only a hype. If it gave no prominence to what candidates say about Chappaquiddick, there would be no way for politicians to use the denial affirmative to keep the question alive, and they would have to be as direct as Connally or forever hold their peace. No one who has looked closely at the methods used by the press to uncover the Watergate story denies that some very questionable methods were used by the reporters. The seriousness of the occasion may have justified them. But ever since it has been used as a kind of immunity for the press to say what it likes about anyone. With the press and politicians in collusion in the use of the denial affirmative it will be very difficult in this campaign to see what in fact is a fact.

Henry Fairlie

While factions feud, a nation starves.

The End of Cambodia

London

Prince Sihanouk in his latest book, *Chronicles of War and Hope*, recalls the Cambodian prophecy that "One day our unfortunate people will only have the choice between being devoured by tigers or swallowed by crocodiles." Whatever the prince's faults (and lately he has been in the mood to admit some of them), he always has understood far better than most Cambodians his country's vulnerability. It is this inherent vulnerability that makes the famine now ravaging the country so threatening, for it means that we may be watching not just the death of hundreds of thousands of Cambodians, but also a stage in the disappearance of Cambodia as a nation. For centuries Cambodia has been under pressure from larger and more dynamic neighbors. If it had not been brought into the French empire in the 19th century, and thus protected from Thailand and Vietnam, it might not exist today.

Cambodian vulnerability also derives in part from the nature of the Khmers themselves. Were they exhausted by the great but oppressive civilization at Angkor that crumbled 500 years ago and whose very existence they then forgot? Certainly the Khmers have been slow to learn the skills needed to survive in the

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modern world. Even in Sihanouk's day, the country depended heavily on the Chinese and Vietnamese minorities which actually were the majority of the population in Phnom Penh and the other large towns.

So when an educated Khmer learns that the country's population may well have decreased from eight million in 1970 to four million today, and that virtually the entire present generation of Khmer children is suffering from some degree of malnutrition and disease, he is bound to shudder and ask, "Can this nation survive?"

The first sure signs of serious famine came in the spring. Shortly after the Vietnamese invasion in January, Heng Samrin, the new Cambodian leader installed in Phnom Penh by Vietnam's army, made a long report on the state of the nation in which he remarked, but only in passing, that "the living conditions of the entire Cambodian people are worsening." By April, diplomats in Bangkok, partly guided by the stories of refugees, were sure that famine was inevitable. There are two versions of the famine's cause. An official of the Heng Samrin government blamed it on Pol Pot. He has driven the Khmers into "slave cooperatives"; he carried out a water conservation policy (the key to good rice production) that had "no scientific or organizational base"; and for quite misguided reasons, he ordered two-thirds of the land to be left fallow.

No one is going to defend Pol Pot as an economic mastermind, but Western experts are sure there were other causes besides the savagery and mismanagement of the Khmers Rouges. The Vietnamese invasion interrupted the harvest of rice planted in 1978. The collapse of the Pol Pot regime allowed hundreds of thousands of people to leave the villages to which they had been forcibly drafted. Guerrilla actions by Pol Pot's men made field work dangerous in many areas. It was also correctly foreseen that much of the seed grain would be eaten, and that continuing disorder in the countryside would make the new season's planting difficult. As a result of all these factors, as little as 10 percent of the rice land has been cultivated this year.

There are eyewitness reports from foreign journalists and AID officials about conditions in two parts of the country: around Phnom Penh (Heng Samrin territory) and along the border between Cambodia and Thailand (still controlled until very recently by guerrillas under Pol Pot). Officials of UNICEF and the International Red Cross say that within a 60-mile radius of Phnom Penh, there are few children left under the age of five; there are very few pregnant women; and 650,000 children between the ages of five and nine are suffering from malnutrition. According to a Cambodian doctor in Phnom Penh (one of about 40 left: in 1975 there were 500), there is only one birth for every 10 deaths.

The condition of the quarter million or so people along the Thai border is certainly as bad and may be worse. The Vietnamese launched an operation this month to destroy the Pol Pot guerrillas. A French journalist who watched refugees from the fighting stumble across the border into Thailand said that most of them were "marked by malnutrition, trembling with malaria, wracked by dysentery, and at the limits of exhaustion."

The scope of the Cambodian disaster has been known in the outside world for at least six months. And yet according to Brian Walker, the director-general of the private British relief organization Oxfam, who has just spent a week in Cambodia, the West had managed to send in by October 14 only 200 tons of food—a trivial amount—plus a certain amount of medicine. Many people agree with Mr. Walker that this is nothing to be proud of. And in recent weeks there has been a tendency to blame the poor performance on the American, British, and other Western governments that still recognize Pol Pot as Cambodia's legal ruler. If only the West would recognize Heng Samrin, the argument has gone, aid would now be flowing into Cambodia in vast quantities.

Western policy toward Cambodia has indeed been ungenerously palsied. But the truth is that we are caught up at one remove in an Asian struggle of great ferocity, whose participants (and this includes the leaders of the contending Khmer groups) are concerned with power first and pity second, if at all. The future balance of power between Vietnam and China in Southeast Asia is being decided largely in Cambodia. If the Vietnamese can destroy the remnants of Pol Pot's guerrillas this year (as they have told their Soviet allies they will), their influence and prestige in the region will be immensely increased, and China will be humiliated. But if China can destroy Heng Samrin, it will show up Vietnam as what Peking has said it is all along: a tiresome little country that grew too big for its boots.

Foreign efforts to send in aid have run into difficulty because the outcome of this struggle is still uncertain, and both China's and Vietnam's Cambodian clients are so weak that they have to stand on what little dignity they have. Thus both Pol Pot and Heng Samrin insist that all aid must go exclusively to their side; anything less is seen as a threat to their legitimacy and survival.

A neutral diplomat who tried to get a small aid program going this summer told me that both Cambodian sides greeted him with absolute disbelief when he insisted he was interested in saving lives, not making political points. The program had to be abandoned. The same difficulty held up the $100-million program offered by the international committee of the Red Cross and UNICEF, and accepted by the Heng Samrin regime in August. The first air deliveries under this program started last weekend without Phnom Penh ever officially having given the all-clear, because the Red Cross and UNICEF also must insist, under their charters, on sending some aid across the Thai border into Khmer Rouge areas.

The Western countries have not recognized Heng

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Samrin for two reasons. First, they believe it is in their interest that China should prevail over Vietnam (and thereby indirectly over Vietnam's patron in Moscow). Second, their other friends in the region, notably Thailand and the other Asian countries, are scared of Vietnam and would like to see it beaten in Cambodia. Thailand, or at least the Thai military, is allowing arms and supplies across the border not only to Pol Pot's men but to several other non-communist Khmer resistance groups. Khmer Rouge leaders like Ieng Sary, the foreign minister, are allowed to cross into Thailand when setting off on foreign journeys. The West is happy to go along with this. Our continuing recognition of Pol Pot certainly cannot be made out as honorable. But it is not so easy to prove that recognizing Heng Samrin would have made the organization of aid programs remarkably easier.

There are two odd things about the Cambodian famine. Why have the Vietnamese tended to play down its gravity and even deny its existence? And what has the Soviet Union been doing to help?

On September 30 *Nhan Dan*, the Vietnamese party newspaper, dismissed talk of famine in Cambodia as a way of interfering in Cambodia's internal affairs. The country has been ruined by Pol Pot, the paper said, but now

> *its great efforts in the fields of economy and public welfare have brought considerable success, as has been noted by many foreign visitors. In most parts of the country, life has been stabilized. In some areas, however, difficulties still abound and the restoration of production cannot be accelerated because the local people had been forced to evacuate en masse or been taken away by the Pol Pot clique. These areas are threatened by famine.*

The Vietnamese certainly have not been campaigning for aid for Cambodia. One reason may be their sensitivity about Heng Samrin's weakness, which was very apparent to the first Western aid officials who went to Phnom Penh in the summer.

Only recently has Heng Samrin's Phnom Penh radio station begun to mention help from the Soviet bloc. At first this was described as amounting to hundreds of thousands of tons of food. Then on October 5 Heng Samrin's news agency SPK announced that "the fraternal socialist countries" had sent 200,000 tons of food and hundreds of tons of medicine "in order to cope with the danger of starvation and disease in Cambodia" (a rather different estimate of the situation from that of *Nhan Dan*). But there is no evidence of where all this alleged Soviet aid has gone.

The West cannot continue with its present policy toward Cambodia and keep a clear conscience about the wretched Cambodians. We, following behind China, are offering the Khmers an implausible repeat run of Pol Pot. The Vietnamese are offering them a return to a sort of sanity but probably at the price of their independence. Surely the only honorable policy for the West is to see that as much relief as possible reaches Cambodia by whatever means, so that as many Khmers as possible survive the famine and disease. Only then will it be possible to know whether Cambodia has much of a future at all.

Mark Frankland

Mark Frankland is a foreign correspondent for the London *Observer*.

The latest chapter in Jesse Jackson's career is no surprise.

The Reverend Push

What has gotten into Jesse Jackson? People are wondering what he is up to. The answer is not very profound: he is gearing up for a repeat of his many past performances. Only the color of his intended victims has changed. Jackson would not be in the position where "the nation is hanging onto my every word," as he has said, if the media had not propelled him to notoriety as the heir to Martin Luther King. Since the media have always portrayed Jackson as larger than life, it seems he now believes he can use the same techniques and illusions on Jews as he has used against black poor people. The only difference is that when his victims were the poor, there was no outcry. The same publicity-grabbing promotional techniques that America's journalists praised in Watts, Harlem, and Chicago suddenly became scandalous when he toured the Palestinian refugee camps of the Middle East. In addition to the expected outcry from the Jewish communities, the black intelligentsia has taken up the gauntlet, as it sees Jewish financial aid to black causes withering in the desert sun.

Much of what Jackson is saying about the Middle East seems very sensible to me. What is more, because he is so skillful at grabbing press attention, he has managed to get facts about the Middle East that formerly were being underplayed—such as the effects of the Israeli bombings of southern Lebanon—on page one. The problem is that, like almost everybody else in this very muddled situation, Jackson is doing some right things for some very wrong reasons.

If Jackson's past is any clue to his present strategy, the minister has simply sniffed the winds of change. Just as he rode the waves of neoconservatism as they washed over black children in his Push for Excellence program, he is building another campaign to profit from the decline in public support for Jews and Israel. Jackson, to be sure, never would have taken this radical position against Israel, which could destroy his power base in the media, if he had not detected a trend on the

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horizon more powerful than Jewish influence. In the past he has not taken strong positions on issues that even the moderate black leaders concur on, such as integrating the suburbs or busing, because those issues would alienate his white supporters.

What Jackson apparently has sensed is exactly what Abba Eban said at a recent Israel bonds dinner in Chicago. "I can't think of a time when Israel stood less high than today in the conscience of the American people." Eban blamed this change on a selfish desire to curry favor with the large financial powers of the Middle East. In the black community, anti-Jewish sentiments among the poor are at a new high. A Harris survey indicated a sharp increase in anti-Jewish feelings among blacks in 1974 and again in 1978. These feelings existed before the Andrew Young episode. Even though news articles point out that 25 black African countries are semi-secretly trading with South Africa, Israel's trade with that oppressive regime adds to resentment based on widespread Jewish opposition to affirmative action.

These anti-Jewish sentiments in the black community, as well as the shift in public opinion in American society as a whole, are ripe for exploitation by those who are not healers, as King was, and living black leaders like Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP and Carl Holman of the National Urban Coalition still are. These conditions are made to order for the wheelers and dealers—the best civil rights leaders money can buy. In Jackson's case, there is opportunity for both political and financial gain. Two weeks ago *The New Republic* quoted Jackson's statement to Arab business leaders in Chicago, that black leaders will quickly abandon their new enthusiasm for the Palestinian cause "if there is not an immediate infusion of funds in the black community." Judging from past experience in Chicago, even if Arabs do donate money to the black community through Jesse Jackson, there is little reason to believe it would ever reach the people it was intended for. Jackson does not release his financial records to the press, but his failure to deliver on his promises to the black community has been solidly documented. During an earlier incarnation, when his group was named Operation Breadbasket, the press gave Jackson credit for pressuring industry to hire the black unemployed. When I went to the companies that had signed up with Jackson, in search of the employed workers, they were not there. The push for employment had stopped as soon as the companies had donated money to Operation Breadbasket. Another time, Jackson's PUSH launched a well-publicized campaign to save black colleges. One result was that the United Negro College Fund ended up in debt to Jackson for close to $20,000 for allowing it to exhibit at "Push Expo," a trade fair Jackson organized.

A second flaw in Jackson's suggestion that the Arabs might become the new financiers of poor blacks was pointed out by Representative Cardiss Collins, a Chicago Democrat who is chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus. "Investment in Africa has not been forthcoming from Arab states," Collins has said. "The oil states have failed to provide promised price breaks or preferential treatment. Indeed, many of Africa's poorest countries have been pushed toward economic disarray by the unremitting, uncompromising and unconscionable price increases imposed on rich and poor alike by oil-producing states." Some recent promises by Arabs to invest in black community projects here in America have fallen through. In light of all this, what reason is there to believe that the wealthy Arab governments have so much compassion for black America? (Those who like to dwell on the tensions between Jewish merchants and blacks in the inner cities might be interested to note as well that in Detroit, where many of those merchants are of Arab descent, the tensions are exactly the same.)

Politically, Jackson's recent activities don't rub against the grain of the Carter administration. The administration has been eager to soften the official American position against the PLO. By physically embracing Yasser Arafat and intellectually embracing his cause, Jackson has acted in effect as the Carter administration's point man in the battle to change American opinion. After all, what public official could go to Jerusalem and say he was sick of hearing about the Holocaust, as this minister did? The press treated the Mideast mission of DC delegate Walter Fauntroy and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference as if it were just like Jackson's, but there was a difference. The Reverend Joseph Lowery, SCLC leader, did not glorify the PLO, or hug Yasser Arafat. Instead, he did what Martin Luther King might have done. He told both sides of the conflict "to study war no more." Lowery did not meet with President Carter before his trip, as Jackson was reported to have done. The *New York Times* reported October 3 that President Carter personally interceded in an effort—unsuccessful—to persuade Prime Minister Menahem Begin to receive Jackson. The *Times* had reported in August that when the South African government turned down Jackson's request for a visa, "it changed its mind when the Carter administration applied pressure on the 37-year-old activist's behalf."

When Carter was running for office, he did not have Jackson's help in attracting the black vote, but now that his standing in the black community is plummeting, an alliance of mutual convenience has grown. More than three million dollars is flowing out of federal government programs to Jackson's Push for Excellence project, without much evidence that Jackson's evangelistic approach to education does any good.

Jackson's Push for Excellence program has gained national acclaim from the news media. Jackson has achieved this publicity triumph by saying things about blacks that no white person could say: "The door of opportunity is open for our people, but they are too drunk, too unconscious to walk through the door. We

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must now take the blame for our shortcomings. A black man selling dope hurts communities more than a white man dangling a rope." This message began appearing in PUSH fundraising literature, just about the time Jackson sensed that public opinion was turning away from the black poor—just as public opinion now seems to be shifting away from strong support of Israel.

Conservatives and editorials applauded Jackson's message. But the truth is that black college graduates have as much chance of getting a job as white high school dropouts. Jackson's message, packaged in rhyming speeches and flowery rhetoric, is now packaged into an education program for blacks, funded by the federal government. The program and Jackson's deceptive oratory blames the victim and excuses a system that has backed away from educating the black and the poor. To my knowledge, only one black leader has publicly excoriated this program—Coretta Scott King, who is the one person more than any other who has been saddened by the media's link of Jesse Jackson to her late husband.

When black journalists objected to the linkage of Martin Luther King to Jackson, they gained no audience in the national press. Those who attempted to analyze Jackson were vilified, their homes were picketed, they were publicly ridiculed from Jackson's pulpit, and their white editors were pressured to pull back from serious scrutiny.

What Jackson did to black reporters, he is now attempting to do to Jewish reporters. Recently, Jackson criticized some Jewish writers as "unable to be objective because of their absolute political allegiance to the Israeli government." Among those he identified were *New York Times* Middle East correspondent David Shipler, and *Chicago Sun Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet. In happier days, Kupcinet had used his column and even his nationally syndicated television show to extol Jackson's virtues.

Perhaps now that Jackson has turned against his Jewish former friends in the media, there will be closer scrutiny, which will even spill over into an examination of his conduct as a leader of blacks. Thomas Todd, a Chicago attorney and former vice president of PUSH, said recently of Jackson: "The white media, in helping create him, created a safe person who is no threat to white powerful institutions. But they made a fundamental mistake. He can be bought, but he won't stay bought. The Jews may be able to buy back Jackson's affection—if they wish—but poor blacks will never have his allegiance. They simply can't afford him."

Barbara Reynolds

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Solar power needs to be emancipated, but not subsidized.

Sunlight and Moonshine

by Stephen Chapman

In an America darkened by the lengthening shadow of the energy crisis, solar power offers a bright vision of the future. Energy from the sun suffers from none of the flaws of more traditional fuels like oil, coal, and nuclear fission. It requires no imports from foreign-dominated cartels; it creates no air and water pollution; it threatens no one with radioactive death. It is clean, simple, safe, and inexhaustible. And it has other less obvious merits. Solar power is not the province of the major oil companies, and need not be controlled by powerful utility monopolies. In an age in which every consumer is uncomfortably dependent on faceless and sometimes unreliable suppliers, solar offers every household the prospect of energy self-sufficiency. All this makes for a potent vision, and one that has captured the imaginations of Americans. A recent poll by NBC News and the Associated Press asked 1600 Americans what they would prefer as the nation's chief energy source in the year 2000. More than half chose solar, with the next most popular fuel, coal, getting only 21 percent. And solar is popular with many experts as well as with laymen. *Energy Future*, the bestselling Harvard Business School study, waxed so enthusiastic about solar that one economist called the report "the Emancipation Proclamation of solar power."

But solar energy remains to be emancipated, its current popularity notwithstanding. The federal government has increased its spending on solar from

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$15 million in 1974 to more than $500 million this year, but it hasn't removed the biggest obstacles to solar's success. Most of the federal programs to promote solar rely on various schemes to subsidize its use and development—some unnecessary and some downright malignant. The success of solar energy need not depend on its access to the federal treasury. A genuinely free market in energy would ensure the survival and prosperity of the fledgling solar industry. What the government has chosen instead may postpone the widespread use of it for several years, and create a solar industry dominated by giant aerospace corporations and entrenched utilities instead of the hundreds of solar entrepreneurs who have proliferated so far.

Solar energy is defined these days to include many different things, some of which have nothing in common except that they are in some sense "renewable" fuel sources derived ultimately from the sun (as are all fuels, even oil). Solar includes not only the rooftop collectors that normally come to mind, but also more technologically sophisticated ways of capturing and using sunlight like "power towers" (banks of mirrors that focus the sun's rays on a single giant collector tower) and photovoltaic cells (devices that convert sunlight directly into electricity). It includes what is known as "passive" solar, which involves adapting house design to take advantage of direct sunlight, through techniques like eaves that let the rays in during the winter but block them out during the summer, double-glazed windows, and special walls that absorb the sun's heat during the day and radiate it back out at night. Solar also includes wind, wood burning, underground steam, ocean warmth, and liquid fuels like alcohol and methane from organic matter ("biomass").

There are some obvious practical problems in getting energy from the sun. The sun doesn't shine all the time, and it shines less during certain times of the year. Storage overnight is no problem, since the water or other fluids used in solar heating systems can provide heat for several hours after the sun goes down. But it is a problem during stretches of cloudiness, which means that these systems must be backed up by conventional systems. Another problem is that the amount of sunlight varies in different geographic regions. As might be expected, it is relatively high in Los Angeles and Dallas and relatively low in Boston and Pittsburgh. And sunshine tends to be most available when it is least needed for heating, in the summer. These problems help to explain why solar power so far has been limited mostly to water and space heating, and mostly to sunny states in the West and Southwest. These states enjoy sunshine all year, unlike many northern climes, and in most the demand for heat is relatively low due to the balmy climate. Solar water heaters are particularly attractive since people use hot water in the summer as well as the winter, meaning that the solar system is paying for itself in fuel savings all year, not just in cold months. In 1977 there were 63,000 solar water heating systems and 35,000 solar swimming pool heaters, compared to only 3300 systems providing both space and water heating.

These practical problems mean that although solar has a definite future, its potential is somewhat limited. Even the enthusiastic Harvard study figured that solar—with hefty subsidies—could provide only 20 to 25 percent of the nation's energy by the turn of the century. This contribution would not appreciably reduce our dependence on OPEC, since solar will displace mostly conventional electricity, not oil. But combined with greater conservation, solar could make a big dent in our demand for conventional sources of energy, which would make decisions about the use of hazardous fuels like coal and nuclear power considerably easier.

Solar's widespread popularity has made it an attractive issue for politicians. The first spending on solar research and development came in the Nixon administration, but Jimmy Carter is the first president to identify himself closely with solar. On Sun Day (May 3, 1978), he ordered a "domestic policy review" of solar energy. Last June, after the review was finished, he proposed a broad program to ensure that 20 percent of the nation's energy would come from solar by the year 2000. Among Carter's proposals: a federal Solar Bank to provide up to $100 million in subsidized loans, out of the energy trust fund to be established from his windfall profits tax; a 20 percent tax credit (up to $2000 per home) for passive solar design in new homes (this in addition to the present 20 percent credit for active solar systems); a 15 percent tax credit for industrial investments in solar methods for industrial heat (added to the existing 10 percent investment credit); a 15 percent tax credit for wood-burning stoves; and exemption of gasohol from the four-cent-per-gallon federal gasoline tax. A month later Carter took the dramatic symbolic step of appointing 34-year-old solar and environmental activist Denis Hayes (who organized Sun Day and its predecessor, Earth Day) to head the federally funded Solar Energy Research Institute in Golden, Colorado.

There are reasons to be optimistic about the potential of solar energy, but the federal government's efforts to promote it aren't one of them. The existing and proposed tax credits look like a modest way of smoothing the introduction of solar, but in fact they merely compound the contradictions in federal energy policy. They probably wouldn't be needed except for other government policies which positively inhibit the growth of solar. Most of the money spent directly to advance solar development has been spent on extravagant and impractical projects that serve no purpose but to provide work for high-priced aerospace engineers and scientists. Solar projects are probably the fastest-growing boondoggle in the federal budget.

The biggest obstacle to solar is not that the federal government has been too miserly in its active promo-

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tion of renewable energy sources, as organizations like the Solar Lobby contend. It is rather that the feds have been taking away with one hand what they give with the other. Solar's most insidious enemy is the government's regulation of energy prices. The most obvious of these are the federal price controls on domestically produced crude oil, gasoline, and natural gas. The domestic policy review on solar blamed these controls for placing solar at a serious disadvantage in the energy marketplace. The report calculated that different types of natural gas used last year were priced from eight to 40 percent below their replacement cost, and that oil products were priced an average of 16 percent below their replacement cost. In effect these controls serve to subsidize the consumption of oil and natural gas by holding their prices below their real costs. The federal government also channels big subsidies directly to oil producers in such forms as depletion allowances, foreign tax credits, and accelerated depreciation rules (see "A Revised Demonology," *TNR*, July 21 & 26). One study for the Energy Department estimated that all these subsidies have amounted to about $200 billion over the last half-century, and that they total at least $10 billion this year alone. The federal government has also heavily subsidized the nuclear industry, both through direct expenditures on things like waste disposal and uranium enrichment, and through the Price-Anderson Act, which limits the liability of utilities in case of nuclear accidents.

Another barrier to widespread adoption of solar systems is the way in which electricity rates charged by utilities are regulated. Costs for electric generating plants have risen dramatically in the last few years, but electricity rates generally are based on average historical costs, which reflect bargains in equipment purchases that are no longer available. The domestic policy review figured that this practice leads to electricity prices that are six to seven percent below what they otherwise would be. This puts solar at an unfair disadvantage in direct comparisons by consumers.

Utilities have reasons of their own to regard solar energy as a threat. Having enjoyed a monopoly position for decades, they take a dim view of this new competitor. In the short run, solar installations present the danger that existing utility capacity will be underused; in the long run, they portend a steady erosion of the power and financial prosperity of utility companies. The solar advocates' vision of each home dependent only on the sun for its energy hardly could be more antithetical to the current network of regulated monopolies. For the foreseeable future, though, that is only a vision. Right now homes with solar devices still have to have at least backup electricity from utilities for periods of bad weather. Most of them also require regular service to supplement the energy provided by the sun. This gives the utilities a great deal of leverage in encouraging or discouraging the installation of solar systems, and many of them have been skeptical or even hostile.

The solar industry also has been hamstrung by the nation's thousands of building codes and zoning laws. Some of these regulations effectively ban solar collectors because they don't conform to traditional aesthetic standards. Some cities, like Coral Gables, Florida, have written their ordinances deliberately to prevent the installation of solar collectors; others simply haven't bothered to amend old laws to permit them. Even where the laws allow solar systems, getting through all the red tape can be a nightmare. One solar entrepreneur offers this scenario: "Say you wanted to put a windmill in your backyard to provide electricity. First you'd need to get zoning and building permits, either of which normally can be denied without any reason. Then you'd need to get permission from the utility and the local utility regulatory commission to hook it up for electricity. In most cases you'd have to go before the local architecture review board, and there would probably be a public hearing. None of these different people are obliged to cooperate, and most people simply don't have time to go through all that hassle."

The federal government's solar tax credits represent an attempt to mitigate all these problems. No doubt they help, but eliminating the obstacles makes a lot more sense. The tax credits offered by the state of California, which amount to 55 percent, go beyond trying to give solar an even break to giving it a leg up. A subsidy of that size is both expensive and economically inefficient. Tax credits, one should remember, are not free: they are dollars the government treasury must either do without or get elsewhere. There is no reason that taxpayers should have to foot more than half the bill for each solar system installed in California, which is what the current tax credit means in practice. The object of government policy should not be to encourage solar for its own sake, but to require consumers to pay the full cost of each form of energy (including the cost of preventing or repairing environmental damage), and let them choose based on the cost. If there are good, cheap alternatives to solar—like natural gas in many parts of the country—then why not use them instead, at least as long as they last? Lifting price controls on oil and natural gas and using marginal cost pricing for electricity rates would not create a stampede to solar energy. It would, however, ensure that as other sources of energy become increasingly expensive, the nation will rely less and less on conventional fuel sources and more and more on conservation and unconventional sources like solar energy. It also would foster the use of cheaper fuels over more expensive ones, and thus cause the most modest cut in the nation's standard of living.

The federal government's direct subsidies to solar research and development provide no basis for hoping that it will handle solar any more intelligently than it has handled nuclear power. The biggest recipients of

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solar money have been defense and aerospace corporations like McDonnell-Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, General Electric, Honeywell, and Westinghouse. One "power tower" project in southern California is an especially lucrative source of federal money; the project is expected to cost $108 million by the time it is finished. Even DOE officials have admitted the venture is probably a waste of money. Another boondoggle is the Solar Satellite Power System, a science-fiction extravaganza dreamed up by NASA and Boeing to place huge satellite collectors in orbit and beam energy to earth by microwaves. "That would be a lot harder than putting a man on the moon," says one Washington energy consultant. "Boeing and the other companies involved are just trying to get money to keep their people employed." This year the program will cost $6.6 million; long-run estimates run as high as a trillion dollars.

But the federal government's wasteful projects are not a criticism of solar energy. There is no question that solar is here to stay. Passive solar, which is nearly free, undoubtedly will be incorporated in most new buildings within a few years. What is not yet clear is how soon active solar will be a major competitor to more traditional energy sources. Some types of solar, like systems for water heating, are already economical in some parts of the country, even without subsidies; others, like collectors for space heating, are or soon will be in some places. In the long run, of course, solar will have to compete with other new forms of energy, like synthetic oil and gas. No one can say for certain which new energy source will be cheapest because no one can predict what technological advances may emerge to lower the cost of one fuel or another. A breakthrough in the production of photovoltaic cells or in the use of plastics instead of glass in rooftop collectors could radically improve solar's prospects. Breakthroughs in synthetic fuels, on the other hand, could give them a big cost advantage over solar. Neither intrinsically deserves preference over the other, and President Carter's huge subsidies to speed the production of synfuels are at least as wasteful as those for DOE's Rube Goldberg solar projects. All the federal government should do is to try to eliminate the artificial advantages enjoyed by other fuels and let solar rise or fall on its own. That would ensure us the cheapest energy supplies, the most efficient use of our economic resources, and the smoothest transition to whatever is the energy of the future. It might also be the best thing that ever happened to solar energy.

New assaults on the British disease.

Jay's Diagnosis and Thatcher's Cure

by Morton Kondracke

London

All the economic doctors regardless of specialty or philosophical persuasion have diagnosed Britain as badly diseased, and the symptoms are obvious even to the lay person. Of all the major developed countries in the world, Britain has had the lowest growth rate for most of the last 30 years. Immediately after World War II, Britain had the highest per capita income of any European country except neutrals Sweden and Switzerland. But gradually every one of the industrial powers except Italy has passed Britain by. Per capita GNP in Japan last year was $6100, but in Britain it was only $4370, about half the level in the US and West Germany. The average income of British families did not rise at all from 1973 to 1977. There was a jump in 1978, but the economy and real income will be stagnant again this year, and next year they will drop amid the world recession.

British productivity growth is the worst among the major industrialized countries. Even Italian workers produce more goods per worker-hour than British workers do. Americans, on the average, produce three times as much, and US auto workers outproduce their British counterparts five to one. Britain's trade position has suffered along with its productivity losses. In 1954, Britain produced 20 percent of the world's manufactured exports, but in 1975 it was down to 8.8 percent. The country consistently imports more than it exports, and even North Sea oil has not put its balance of payments in surplus. Of all the automobiles sold in Britain each year, 56 percent are imports.

Britain also suffers, more or less chronically, from high inflation, high unemployment, and labor unrest. Inflation has not been below six percent during the 1970s. Much of the decade it's been in double digits, rising to a high of 26 percent in 1974. Concerted government action and labor union restraint, forced on

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Britain by the International Monetary Fund, brought the inflation rate down to eight percent in 1978, but the cooperative spirit collapsed last year and inflation now is back up to 15 percent and is expected to rise to 17 percent next year. Even though Britain's population and labor force have grown over the past 20 years, the number of people actually holding jobs is practically identical to what it was in 1959; the others are on unemployment compensation or have stopped looking for work. Britain does not have the worst record among the industrial countries for average days lost in strikes during the 1970s. Italy and the United States are worse. But the increase in labor stoppages during the period is biggest in Britain.

More or less everyone agrees that all this is bad, but it's hard to find consensus on what the fundamental causes are, and what might be the most effective cures. Both for the last Conservative government under Prime Minister Edward Heath and for the just-defeated Labour government of James Callaghan, the inflation rate was the target of most urgent attention, and incomes policy—that is, wage guidelines—was the chosen remedy. Whatever its merits in theory, incomes policy worked for neither party, and ended up spelling political doom for both. After first vowing to avoid government restraints, Heath relented and imposed seven percent wage and price controls in 1972. Government-employed coal miners demanded a 30 percent increase and struck in the winter of 1973-74, leading to a three-day work week throughout Britain. Heath called an election to win public backing in his fight with the miners, but lost to Labour, which granted the 30 percent hike when it came to office in February 1974.

Labour managed to negotiate a "social contract" with the unions, under which they were to observe voluntary wage guidelines. Labour managed to lower the inflation rate from its 1975 high, but last year the Callaghan government set an unrealistically low guideline of five percent per year, which the unions felt themselves required to break. Last winter, strikes by hospital workers and garbagemen seemed to demonstrate that Labour was no better than the Tories at managing industrial relations, and Callaghan suffered for it at the polls this May.

What does Britain's experience prove? Is it that too much welfare, too large a public sector, and too high taxes result in low productivity, high inflation, and stagnation? Is the British disease contagious, or is it distinctively British, and something the rest of us don't need to worry about?

One person who's trying to rethink these questions from scratch is Peter Jay, former economics correspondent of *The Times* and Britain's former ambassador to the US. Now at the Brookings Institution, Jay is writing a book whose central thesis is that all the Western industrial countries are suffering from a desperately serious economic malady that must be remedied by major restructuring of economic relationships.

The basic problem, Jay contends, is that trade union consistently use their power to push wages and fring benefits above the "market clearing price for wages"– that is the level of return which labor would comman in the free market. The difference between th negotiated labor cost and the free market cost create unemployment. But democracies refuse to allov unemployment to get too high, and demand govern ment intervention to create jobs. These governmen efforts produce inflation, which creates pressures fo even higher wages to keep up.

According to Jay, all the major Western economie are spinning through this cycle, the only difference being that some are going out of control faster thar others. Inevitably, he thinks, every loop around the cycle produces a higher underlying inflation rates anc higher unemployment, until, eventually, one country's economy after another will face collapse and a political choice between anarchy and authoritarianism.

Jay thinks that the standard ideological battles over capitalism vs. socialism actually conceal two more important ways of classifying Western economies. One is the spectrum from full government control to laissez-faire operation of the free market. The other spectrum is from societies in which capital is in control to those in which labor has the most power. Jay posits four possible combinations: state capitalism (in which the government controls for the benefit of corporations), state socialism (in which the government controls for the benefit of workers), market capitalism (the governments stays out and lets capital run things), and market socialism (the government stays out and labor rules). Jay thinks that all Western governments, regardless of their campaign platforms, are heading toward state capitalism. The government's activities to protect corporations give labor unions all the more incentive to use their bargaining powers to protect themselves and workers.

Jay would like to see the Western democracies move toward "market socialism"—that is, toward less government intervention, but also toward control of the economy by worker cooperatives rather than by traditional capital-dominated corporations. He argues that transferring more operating control of the economy to labor will give workers a visible stake in the economy's health and stability. Otherwise, he says, labor will constantly perceive economic relations as a contest with capital and will fight for advantage even if it means ruin for everyone.

The left wing of Britain's Labour party, increasingly powerful since Callaghan's defeat, wants more government control of investment and production decisions and outright nationalization of banks and insurance companies. It also favors attempting to protect ailing British industry by imposing import quotas and attempting to increase domestic investment by restricting capital export. In Peter Jay's terms, the Labour left is pulling toward state socialism, but the left's platform

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is so politically out of tune with British political attitudes that its ascendant position in the Labour party is likely to strengthen support for Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's experiment with monetarism and government withdrawal from direct economic decision-making. Peter Jay thinks Thatcher can't escape the Western world's drift toward corporate-statism, but Thatcher thinks she's pulling England toward old-fashioned market capitalism.

The basic aim of Thatcher's program is to increase production and wealth in Britain, and to ignore questions of distribution. To encourage investment and create incentives, the government has cut income taxes from their former top rate of 83 percent (imposed at an income of $35,000 per year for a family of four) to 60 percent. Next year the government is pledged to reduce the 15 percent surcharge on incomes derived from investment that formerly raised the maximum income tax rate to 98 percent. The government also has cut taxes for lower-income Britons by reducing rates and raising the minimum taxable income. But most benefits clearly go to the richest—and, the Tories believe, most productive—sectors of the economy. At the same time, the government has raised value-added taxes on consumption, both to maintain current levels of government revenue and to encourage saving and investment.

Government revenues are supposed to remain about the same under the new tax mix, but the Tories intend to cut back the government's deficits in order to free more money for private-sector borrowing. This will require cutting back on government spending, especially subsidies to local governments which operate British schools, hospitals, and most social services. The Tories also intend to put a lid on civil service hiring.

Another major feature of the Thatcher program is to keep the government out of collective bargaining in the public sector. Government officials repeatedly cite the Heath example as one that this Tory government will avoid. Thatcher has served notice on business and the unions that her government will not print more money to finance wage increases that exceed productivity. Industries that give in to huge wage demands, the government says, will not be bailed out if they can't make a profit.

The Tory agenda is fraught with danger, both for the Tories and for Britain. For her program to work, Thatcher thinks she has to convey stern determination not to increase government spending or enter the collective bargaining process, no matter what political or economic pressures are brought to bear upon her. "This is like nuclear deterrence," said one of her ministers. "If your adversary thinks you will relent in a crisis, you are certain to lose. Your credibility is everything." The problem is that Thatcher is setting up a situation where flexibility will be interpreted as weakness or where, fearing to appear weak, she maintains such rigidity that she is incapable of responding flexibly to, say, a truly disastrous international recession.

In the short run, her policies are bound to lead to higher unemployment and both political and industrial strife. The trade unions do not believe the government truly will stay out of collective bargaining, and inevitably jobs will be lost as they test her resolve. A special crisis will arise when public employee unions start asking for big raises. The coal miners already have announced they want a 65 percent wage hike. National civil servants and employees of local governments come up for contract negotiations early next year.

The Thatcher policy is to inform operators of government-owned industries such as the coal mines that the government will not provide subsidies above a specific level, meaning that higher wage demands would have to be paid for either in higher prices to consumers or in reduced employment. In the case of civil servants, Thatcher plans to set and hold ministry budget levels, and to reduce the size of staffs, if necessary, to pay wage increases. Before her credibility is established, Thatcher may face slow-downs or massive strikes by public employees. She is certain to face complaints from the public about reduced services. Tories at the local level may lose office as services are reduced, and the Tories may lose by-elections in Parliament, as well.

While Thatcher and Britain pay these high prices in tension and joblessness, there is no guarantee that the Tory program will work. Decreased taxes will not necessarily improve investment and productivity. Britain is far from the most highly taxed industrial country, even though it does have one of the lowest levels of productivity.

The Thatcher economic program contains nothing to ameliorate social factors which may contribute more to its stagnation than taxes or bureaucracy. Britain remains a deeply class-ridden society in which there is little mobility from the working class to top management. Accent, school, and club still are as important as ability in determining who rises in British society and who doesn't. Britain has fewer young people aged 16 to 18 in school than any advanced European country, including Portugal. And the brightest of Britain's young people still go into the civil service, rather than into industry.

With a majority of more than 40 seats in the House of Commons, and with the opposition Labour party increasingly under the influence of left-wing socialists, the Thatcher government has a secure political cushion to protect it as it conducts its unprecedented experiment in pulling a country out of the economic doldrums. For the sake of the British, who have, after all, one of the most attractive of societies, it's hard for an American not to hope the experiment succeeds, regardless of its ideological implications. If the experiment fails, though, either because it is badly designed or because Thatcher executes it badly, the results could be chaotic and threatening to historic British liberty.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Foreigners

I can't think of another actor on earth who could do what Klaus Kinski does in *Nosferatu*. As Count Dracula, his head is shaven, he has two fangs in the front of his upper jaw, his ears are built out like batwings, his fingernails are as long as his hands; and despite this horror-film get-up, he *acts*—and convinces. Most performers of grotesque roles in horror films wear their make-ups the way that clowns wear theirs: the make-up itself virtually is the performance. But Kinski evidently views his make-up for Dracula as he did the make-ups for Aguirre and Woyzeck—as an external aid to a performance begun within. He seems to be unaware that he is in a horror film: this is simply the way this "undead" creature looks, and the look—to Kinski—is the least of it. His Dracula is a being, a tormented being whose utterances about his centuries of pain, his longing for death, his love of dark and loneliness have the credibility of bizarre fiction—that is, they feel like canted extensions of tremors we have felt in our own lives. If Kinski's innate hint of madness put him at a disadvantage in *Woyzeck*, twisted the very foundation of an epitomic mass-man, it serves him well in *Nosferatu*. In *The Seven Year Itch* Marilyn Monroe went to see a horror flick called *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* and came out teary-eyed, saying that she felt sorry for the creature. I can't quite say the same about this Dracula, but Kinski at least convinces me that Dracula is suffering.

And more in this film is good. Bruno Ganz, as the young man who travels to Transylvania to see the count and is victimized by him, invests the part with his still-engaging air of weathered melancholy. (No explanations are given of the role's English name, Jonathan Harker, or the fact that his home town, supposedly German, is, which any Vermeer fan can see, Delft.) As his wife, Isabelle Adjani, whose Victorian beauty helped to sustain *The Story of Adèle H.*, here strikes the note of an earlier romance, the Gothic. And near the end she gets a chance to be something more than either loving or terrified.

This film was remade, from F. W. Murnau's famous *Nosferatu* (1923), by Werner Herzog, the extraordinary German director who made *Aguirre* and *Woyzeck*. I haven't seen Murnau's film in some years so I can't make comparisons: in itself, Herzog's film is sturdy with commitment—that's its chief attribute. Beverly Walker, an American who worked with Herzog on the picture, wrote about her experience (*Sight and Sound*, Autumn 1978) and particularly underscored the feeling of collaboration between Herzog and his "team." (Some of the minor actors are recognizable from earlier Herzog films; the cinematographer is again Jörg Schmidt-Reitwein.) Everyone whose work is visible, either in person or in effect, apparently believed in the project.

Herzog clearly feels a special affinity with early 19th-century Germany, the period in which Caspar David Friedrich was the preeminent painter, the period of *Kaspar Hauser*, of *Woyzeck*, of *Nosferatu*. The pellucid air, the dainty neatness of the households, the serenity overlying the anguished idealism, all these engage Herzog's eye and mind. Those qualities and Ganz's encounter with gypsies on his way through wild mountains are the best directorial elements in the film: Herzog seems more at ease with them than with the supposedly macabre sequences in Dracula's castle.

Some other elements are notable. Herzog uses rats, thousands of them, scurrying through streets, around people—Adjani walks through a huge squeaking pack of them in one scene. It's a facile effect ("Bring on the rats!"), but it works, as crawly evidence of the plague that Dracula brings with him to the city. And the scene in which Adjani gives her life to destroy Dracula by keeping him at her bedside drinking her blood until cockcrow—daylight will kill him—has a touch of sexual-heroic drama, validated by both her and Kinski. And this is followed by Herzog's pessimistic ending. Upstairs in Adjani's bedroom, Kinski dies as sunlight touches him. Downstairs, Ganz, still demented and dazed by his experience in Transylvania, metamorphoses, becomes a new embodiment of Nosferatu the vampire to replace the dead Dracula upstairs. The evil is dead; the evil lives.

But to detail this picture's accomplishments is finally a sorry business because they all come to so little. We're being told by some that this is not a horror film. Well, then, what is it? Not even good acting like most performances here, not even direction as good as the best moments, can exalt *Nosferatu*. Its Christian parable is wonky; its psychosexual implications are factitious; its social symbolism is thin. Worse, none of these possible subtexts coheres because none is genuinely intended. At the last *Nosferatu* is only a tale to make the flesh creep, if it can—a superior eerie entertainment.

Odd Connection. *Nosferatu* made me think of James M. Barrie. That's not a misprint. Barrie, famous as a purveyor of theatrical sweets—a reputation that he only partially deserves—is comparable with Bram Stoker, who wrote the novel *Dracula* on which *Nosferatu* is based. Stoker was an Irishman who came to London in 1878 and worked in the theater, as Henry Irving's manager and, eventually, biographer. Barrie was

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Gorgeous visual rendering of the first hallucinogenic war, but none of the moral agon it lays claim to.

Breaking Away. Adolescent fantasies and brusque realities, made touching by bright dialogue and performances.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Irreverently witty. How Brian Cohen, born the same time and place as Jesus Christ, got forced into being a messiah.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Some good Washington political stuff, some very good acting, some creaky plotting. A rising senator, his wife, his lady friend.

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a Scotsman who came to London in 1885 and worked in the theater, as playwright. (The two men were not acquainted: Stoker once asked to interview Barrie for publication and was gently rebuffed.) *Dracula* appeared in 1897. Barrie's first play about an "undead" figure, *Peter Pan*, appeared in 1904 (and that's what Peter is, different as the colors are). Barrie's next play that centered on an "undead" figure was *Dear Brutus* (1917): here the figure is called Lob. And in 1920 he produced *Mary Rose* about another figure not subject to time and decay. Certainly Barrie's figures are not malevolent, except for an odd touch in Mary Rose—they are at worst egocentric like Peter or cruelly pragmatic like Lob—but I couldn't help thinking of the two non-Englishmen living in London at the same time, escaping into atemporal fantasy. Psychosexual analyses of both authors abound, but I've never seen anything about these two men as expatriates, both living in the same adopted city and working in the theater, whose imaginations leaped in the same sort of flight, if to very different ends. What specifically reminded me of Barrie was Dracula's shaven pate and face. I thought of what Lob's butler in *Dear Brutus* says about his master's razors: "There is a little world of them, from patents of the present day back to implements so horrible, you can picture him with them in his hand scraping his way through the ages."

James Ivory is a director who is all seriousness and little talent. Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, his customary screenwriter, is a distinguished writer of fiction who sentimentalizes and plods in her film scripts. Their last joint effort was *Roseland*; their new one is *The Europeans*.

Unless you are an acolyte of F. R. Leavis's, you probably think that *The Europeans* is a minor novel in the Henry James canon. But Ivory's film makes it lesser still. The theme is the familiar Jamesian encounter between Americans and foreigners—this time the setting is outside Boston—but Ivory has managed to drain it of both surface and interior tension. The rhythms of motion within scenes and of the editing sag, and the casting, which might at least have compensated a bit for Ivory's dullness, is terrible.

The catalyst must, or should, be Eugenia, the baroness, whose "furrin" ways upset patterns and hearts in Massachusetts. The director who could cast Lee Remick in this role could not possibly make this film successfully. Remick is about as scintillating and dangerous as a box of cornflakes. All the other members of the cast are equally deadly—some even more so—with the exception of Lisa Eichhorn as Gertrude Wentworth. Eichhorn was adequate as the shopkeeper's daughter in *Yanks*, and her English accent (she's American) was sound. Here she's adequate again, although her voice is monotonous; she conveys some dignified, repressed passion.

But the film is just a plodding series of scenes, like a dull TV adaptation of a classic.

Jim Miller on pop music

A Pipe to Share

It was some summer for pop music. While record sales took a beating, the music on the radio showed about as much frankness as the arts of escape can possibly permit. For anyone in search of timely entertainment, it was a good season for listening.

Driving across the country in June, my constant companion was "Hot Stuff," the song by Donna Summer that occupied our airwaves for three months. Disco hard as a rock, the band track churns with guitars and the relentless thud of a bass drum. Jeff Baxter's guitar sounds aroused. Summer's singing sounds determined. Around them shakes a roller-coaster riff for synthesizer, as sleazy as a circus barker at a freak show. The lyric is a glimpse at female lust—a rarity for the top 10.

Wanna share my love with a warm-blooded lover,
Wanna bring a wild man back home.
Lookin' for some hot stuff this evenin', baby,
I need some hot stuff baby tonight.

Donna Summer is perfect in the part, her deadpan intensity halfway between vaudeville and the church: maybe she's sold her soul, and maybe she hasn't, but pity the man who tests her will.

Summer has learned to filter her gospel roots through a wide array of pop conventions, often reducing the natural strength of her voice to a safely seductive whisper. Once simply a creature of the men who produced her records, she originally assimilated herself to the fantasies of white Americans by appearing as an unattainable and unthreatening foreigner, an ersatz flower-child working an exotic new hustle. In fact, she lived for a spell in Germany, where she made her first marks celebrating the Age of Aquarius in *Hair*.

Her records are still produced in Munich by Giorgio Moroder and Pete

Albums Worth Hearing

Talking Heads, *Fear of Music* (Sire). Uncut anxiety for paranoids hooked on suspicion, set to powerfully lurching meters, smashingly dissonant intervals, and the same old eviscerated sing-song that vocalist David Byrne has made into his own sign of the times. Message: the invasion of the body snatchers is over. They won.

The Clash (Epic). A reissue of the first album by the most important punk bank this side of the Sex Pistols, filled out with a bunch of raucous symphonettes masquerading as top 40 singles. Tough sledding for newcomers, but the place to start anyway.

The B-52's (Warner Bros.). Mirth amid the rubble, as these refugees from Athens, Georgia, make frivolous music like it was high times in the South and 1964 all over again: the new wave rewritten as funky surf music.

David Johansen, *In Style* (Blue Sky). One-time proto-punk and New York Doll, turned by producer Mick Ronson into an aspiring Bruce Springsteen clone. Almost credible camouflage of a dreadful voice, singing with some real feeling songs that somehow matter, especially "Melody," a tune styled after the Four Tops, right up there with the archetypes.

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Bellote, men obsessed with studio technology, particularly the cheerless world of the synthesizer. With dazzling ingenuity, they have played off her waif-like sensuality against their regimented arrangements, crafting a disco burlesque of bondage and discipline. Crisply packaged pop, her records have become a staple on top 40 radio in America, even though her breakthrough hit was 16 minutes of heavy breathing.

Yet until this summer, urban blacks largely ignored her, unmoved by the bleached sound of her boudoir fantasias. White rock fans also spurned her, assuming that the sleekness of her persona meant that she was incapable of playing in more than one key. But Donna Summer surprised both segments of the pop audience. Insisting that she be allowed to record with rock musicians, she set out to make an album on her own terms.

That she should now self-consciously embrace the metaphor of prostitution while singing with all the force at her command is both ambitious and shrewd. For the first time, she has had an undeniable impact on pop music.

Subtlety is still not her strong suit. On the cover of her latest album, *Bad Girls* (Casablanca), she poses as a Parisian hooker, cocky in a beret, her lips lying open in wait, her calling conveyed through the smoke-filled windshield of a car and the $50 bill brandished by its driver. But her stance is tough, uncompromising. Looking at the cover and listening to the music inside you wouldn't want to bet on whether she's hoping to turn another trick, looking for true love, or merely planning to roll the next bum who tries to take advantage of her.

The album, a two-record set, is uneven. While she has never treated romantic lyrics with more savage irony, her own tunes, conveniently clumped on side three, seem listless, strangely unfelt. At its best, though, the record's montage of songs about love with songs about love-for-sale evokes a powerful sense of erotic rage, of going for broke, of emptying oneself to win fulfillment. Something like this wager was also at work in *Once Upon a Time* (Casablanca), her disco Cinderella story. But on "Hot Stuff" and its sequel, "Bad Girls," the resentment in the yearning is controlled, self-assured, explosive.

This June, it was nice to have "Hot Stuff" along for my drive. With its appealing mix of frustration and ravenous desire, it felt like a fit soundtrack for the passing countryside, the idle engines in the gas lines, the buncombe broadcast on the hourly news. On the road, it was that kind of summer.

* * *

The critical hit of the season was Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* (Reprise). Young first came to prominence in Buffalo Springfield, one of the seminal Hollywood bands of the late 1960s. As a solo artist and sometime associate of Crosby, Stills, and Nash, he enjoyed great popularity earlier in the decade. His sullen posture, ragged hair, and buckskin jacket became the very picture

Donna Summer

of granola hip. But by adhering stubbornly to his own peculiar vision of artistic integrity, he has lost and then regained the larger audience, playing music that is hermetic and raw by design.

With perseverance and a sense of the absurd, he has chronicled the disintegrating fantasies nurtured by his generation of rock stars. He is indeed one of the few performers of his day still honestly able to challenge the assumptions of his original audience. He has done so, in part, by making his music almost impossible to approach casually. At times riveting, his crude guitar style is often simply irritating, incompetent. At times uncanny, his whispy and wavering voice is often only bizarre, excruciating in its off-pitch inaccuracy. Yet he insists on these limits. Typically, he opens his first amplified guitar solo on his new album by making a blunder and letting it stand. In his hands, even off-tune singing becomes a kind of proud badge, a proof of uncontrived feeling.

Living in California surrounded by slothful colleagues skilled in the art of prefab pop, Young has made his own rough edges matter by the strength of his lyric concerns. He is a kind of self-appointed poet laureate for the dashed hopes of the 1960s, and the good-humored bile of his words often enough salvages the raucous sloppiness of his music. Replete with comic images of Armageddon, his best songs sound just right for tripping into the heart of darkness, armed only with a foolish grin.

Rust Never Sleeps has an acoustic and an amplified side. On the electric side, he is accompanied by Crazy Horse, a plodding band of journeymen apparently valued by Young because they play loud, hard, and rough. Young's own squawking vocals and stumbling solos mean that this side amounts to sheer cacophony, as if all that counted was the sincerity of the sentiments. That's another conceit of the 1960s, but Young acts as if it were true, playing and singing with conviction. He actually sounds as if he'd *like* to be the last hippie alive.

The high point, though, comes on the other side, with his miniature acoustic epic about "Pocahontas." In it, he has a lone veteran of the love-ins identify himself with a murdered tribe of Indians. "They massacred the buffalo," muses our marijuana red man, "and my eyes have turned to blanks." Yet there he sits, in "his little box at the top of the stairs," stoned alone "with my Indian rug and a pipe to share."

The lyrics, sung with opaque earnestness, open on a picture of desecration—"They killed us in our teepee / and they cut our women down"—only to climax in the following fantasy of erotic atonement, vaguely obscene, totally fatuous, strangely tender:

I wish I was a trapper,
I would give a thousand pelts,
To sleep with Pocahontas
And find out how she felt.

This is a sad and funny song, the latest in a saga begun by Young's "Broken Arrow" with Buffalo Springfield. It is an intentionally ridiculous remake of the Western: "And maybe Marlon Brando / Will be there by the fire." But there is a difference: the hero is now the Indian, and she inevitably gets screwed, violated by the hunter, a prey to the same hungry nature that made him curious about the noble savage in the first place.

Compared to the surfeit of print devoted to the "Spirit of Woodstock" 10 years later—probing reporters discovered that some of the survivors still have long hair, smoke dope, and live together out of wedlock—Young's song

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at least speaks with some sense of irony. (Come to think of it, this has been a lousy summer for most of the other great white hopes of the 1960s. The Rolling Stones have been missing in action for a while now. And Bob Dylan was, of all things, "born again," if published rumors are to be trusted.)

Young's album is opened and closed by his ballad about every rock star who has ever had to watch his moment come and go. The first version, "My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)," is acoustic, the second version, "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)," is electric. The portentous shifts in instrumentation and lyrical emphasis are about as jejune as the inverted titles, but the gesture is saved by Young's vehemence and humor—a combination that, when he can manage it, rescues him from the bathos and cuteness of his worst pretensions.

The king is gone but he's not forgotten.
Is this the story of Johnny Rotten?
It's better to burn out, 'cause rust never sleeps.

Burning out as a show of integrity? Is there life after death? Does Neil Young really believe that "rock and roll can never die?" We'll see.

* * *

Listening to the radio, you might have guessed that this was a summer of discontents. The clues were all there. "Hot Stuff" was certainly no monument to satisfaction. And then there was "My Sharonna," a number one song by the latest Hollywood stab at new wave pop, the Knack. In effect, the Knack provided a cheerfully leering answer to the unexpected strength of Donna Summer's demands. Across America, boys uncertain of their adequacy could imagine laying waste to some teasing small-time Lolita:

Such a dirty mind
I always get it up
For the touch of the younger kind.

All sung in a sort of winsome drool, like the young Beatles as dirty old men.

It seemed a perverse sort of poetic justice that this song should pace the record industry through its unprecedented case of doldrums. In media boardrooms throughout mid-Manhattan, executives were anxious and frustrated; there, too, men were uncertain and dissatisfied. Sales were plummeting. Staffs were cut. Frills were axed. Some lower-echelon publicists were even stripped of their company credit cards. Ironically, this frightened stampede to austerity accompanied not only the president's Sermon Off the

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The Times Higher Education Supplement

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Mount, but also the publication of Stephen Holden's *Triple Platinum* (Dell), an insider's knowing fiction about the fashionable gluttony that has helped land the music business in such unexpected trouble. After reading Holden's appropriately trashy novel, one wonders how *anybody* could preserve his prudence while fêting every new platinum act with champagne, coke, and Quaaludes.

So, after a decade of opulent parties fueled by high profits, the record industry watched with gloomy sobriety as sales kept sliding all summer. By August, things had gotten so bad that the *New York Times* picked up the story on page one: "Record Industry's Sales Slowing After 25 Years of Steady Growth."

In the 1950s and 1960s, the music business had been able to bank on popular restlessness. But with inflation high, energy scarce, and mobility impaired, the times may be changing. Some executives hope that lower prices will lure back some of the lost customers. As the president of Infinity Records, Ron Alexenburg, recently reasoned, "Today's rising stars are tomorrow's superstars. One way of breaking through to the customer is by giving him the benefit of a lower price to use his discretionary dollars for exciting new talent on Infinity Records."

Others have not sounded so sanguine. The president of Elektra/Asylum records, Joe Smith, has bluntly warned that "This kind of inflationary spiral strikes very hard at our extremely mobile audience. Five dollars more for a tankful of gas is one record less."

Now *that* is a doleful exchange. Merely to pose rock and the car as two mutually exclusive values is to play taps for a tradition in American popular music. Imagine Bruce Springsteen without "Racing in the Streets." Imagine Chuck Berry without the occasion to coin the word 'motorvatin.' Imagine the Beach Boys if her daddy in fact had taken her T-Bird away. No fun fun fun. Unthinkable.

Rock'n'roll is as all-American, needless, and phony as that gas-guzzling monster innocuously called the family car. It has run on wasted energy, an anarchic encomium to the prodigies of appetite. Gorged with candy bars and Coca-Cola, Elvis Presley ate himself to death. He paid tribute to his regal status by purchasing hundreds of Lincolns and Cadillacs for his friends and acquaintances. Is the America of empty gas tanks and shrinking candy bars the promised land of rock'n'roll?

The real choice before every popular musician is whether to face such contradictions or simply to ignore them. Emblematic of the options are two of the season's better dance tracks, "Boogie Wonderland" by Earth, Wind, and Fire, and "Mindless Boogie" by Hot Chocolate. A terrific single, "Wonderland" is a sweet fantasy with about as much substance as cotton candy. "Mindless Boogie," is something else again, a militantly monotonous chant invoking Jonestown ("very strange very strange") and the neutron bomb ("Will the finger on the button decide / If we live or if we die?"). "Dance!" shrieks a lobotomized falsetto. "Music is the drug we're searching for."

A Timeless Affair: The Life of Anita McCormick Blaine by Gilbert A. Harrison

(University of Chicago Press; $15)

Does it seem disparaging to describe this book as the biography of an eccentric lady multimillionaire who practiced philanthropy with more benevolence than benefit, undressed before her young son to satisfy his curiosity about male-female differences, permitted herself one glorious revolt against her mother's Presbyterian morality, and at last went quite dotty, taking instruction from the spirit world and passing it along in messages to Hirohito, Hitler, and other world leaders?

Never mind—this is a fascinating history of Anita, second daughter of that driving, rapacious Chicago Medici, Cyrus Hall McCormick, the reaper king. Cyrus had little time for his five children, who feared him. Their mother Nettie was too engrossed in church work to give them sustained love and attention. Perhaps parental indifference and error were part of the reason why three of the children, including Anita, went mad at different stages of life and a fourth, Harold, was irresponsible enough at times to come near qualifying. If we need another lesson that fact is stranger than fiction, here it is.

Gilbert A. Harrison takes us into the center of this fantastic household—and also into the darker corners of their palace on Rush Street that even had a mechanical elevator—with the facility of the true insider, which he is. He married Anita's granddaughter and had access to mountains of family records. Anita herself wrote letters by the thousands and indeed was so determined to save everything that at her peak she employed 11 secretaries surrounded by filing cabinets in three downtown offices.

Born in 1866, she went to private school and was shielded from contact with the lower classes she would later espouse. Easily the warmest and most lovable of the children, she had to suppress her unorthodoxies until her father died and she could stand off her hidebound mother. Tall, attractive, she had 500 guests at her début, went on the grand tour of Europe, met Mr. Gladstone, and came back to marry Emmons Blaine despite maternal disapproval. Blaine, son of the statesman, was a Republican, whereas the McCormicks had brought stern Democratic loyalties from their native Virginia. He was thought not sufficiently steeped in religion, and had a "mustached chipmunk face." A good husband, he died after three years—the first of Anita's tragedies—leaving her with a baby son also named Emmons. Aged 26, she had 62 more years to live and an unconquerable determination to improve the world.

She stands out more for her good heart and gallant crusades, and the wealth and bizarrerie surrounding her, than for any steady record of achievement. Well-read and articulate, she could be splendidly inconsistent, even pig-headed. In the longest and most successful campaign of her life, against what she called "the strict adherence to a stamped pattern" of contemporary

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education, she fought for years at the side of John Dewey and the combative Colonel Francis Wayland Parker, an educator so progressive that he made traditionalists pale. Her leadership and some three million dollars of her money finally won out, to the benefit of the city and the University of Chicago.

Anita (right) at her 80th birthday party. Photo from book.

Meanwhile her older sister Virginia, a beauty accomplished at the piano, went hopelessly mad. The McCormicks spirited her away to a mansion in California, with attendants, so that she was out of sight though well cared for. Later, when Anita's youngest brother Stanley also lost his sanity and careened into dreadful marital and other torments, he was given the same, though separate, California treatment. Anita affectionately wrote to them both about her activities as if they were capable of understanding them.

She fell in love with handsome, part-Indian Dr. Henry Baird Favill, who cared for her delicate son and became her wise counselor. The trouble was, Dr. Favill was unhappily but indissolubly married. At least once she capitulated to his ardor and, forever truthful, left a sealed letter describing the "sacred" event for her son, to be opened only after her death. What with her attractiveness and her money she had shoals of other suitors, but she stuck with the encumbered doctor.

Her radical ideas particularly offended her eldest brother Cyrus, a chip off the old block who now ran the family enterprises. She gave money to her friend Jane Addams's Hull House, to panhandlers, to acquaintances in debt, to the Women's Trade Union League, and to the Consumers' League. She sent money and a doctor to the aid of a man trapped in a Kentucky cave. She mailed $100 checks to each of the widows of 100 men killed in an Illinois mine explosion. She could be alternately sharp and kindly with her servants, whom in 1900 she organized on labor-union principles and to whom she extended such favors as sending them all in taxicabs to a Damrosch concert. She addressed her many secretaries as "Lambie" or "Darling." She told her attorney that she must owe more in taxes, that it was wrong for her to have so much and share so little. Surely, she wrote, men would someday "revolt at the senseless inequality of the wealth-holding power of individuals," and society should be revised so that every person "will come into a common heritage of opportunity and of care."

But she was flightly, uncategorizable. She had little time for women's suffrage chiefly because the Pankhursts seemed ludicrous. She was enthusiastic for peace except when it really counted—when the country was contemplating war—at which time she was inclined to wave Old Glory along with the jingoes.

The passing of Dr. Favill in 1916 and the death of her equally cherished son of pneumonia two years later tipped her over the edge, though insanity seized her by installments rather than with sudden completeness. Well before we entered the war, Anita wrote stern letters to the Kaiser, stopped speaking German, and suspected that a couple of her German friends were spies; and not all of her later deeds were lunatic. She remained at large. But now President Wilson, a Princeton classmate of her brother Cyrus, became her hero and got more letters and personal visits from her than he needed. Another hero was Sir Oliver Lodge, who was her guest while in Chicago. He told her how he communicated with his son who was killed in the war, and lined her up with a medium whom she found invaluable. From then on she was apt to rely on advice from the dead—the voices of her late husband, son, and perhaps that of Dr. Favill. Her later absorption in disarmament and world peace was sane enough in itself, though her purpose was defeated when she went to Washington and tried for seven days to see Secretary of State Hughes to advise him how to go about it.

Now old-fashioned in dress, she still loved to give parties and to waltz, and

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was devoted to her only granddaughter. She stood by her woman-chasing but often likable brother Harold, whose troubles only began with the breakup of his marriage to Edith Rockefeller. They continued very publicly with other affairs, most of all his infatuation with the designing Polish warbler Ganna Walska and the alleged transplantation of monkey glands into his body. Anita also joined in the court battle to take away from Harold's drunken and unbalanced daughter Muriel the children she mistreated, then when it was all over embraced Muriel and let her cry on her shoulder.

Sympathy, always sympathy. Anita was confident of man's basic decency and "perceived each new international crisis . . . as a personal challenge demanding a personal response." Her cabled counsel to the mikado, the Führer, Churchill, and other world leaders was sent in the conviction that it might be heeded. To her, FDR could do no wrong. And when Madame Chiang Kai-shek came to Chicago, Anita called on her at the Drake and presented her with $100,000 in International Harvester stock. Her later admiration for Henry A. Wallace, largely because of the peace issue, materialized in $800,000 in gifts to Wallace and the Progressives. Senator Mundt naturally called her a subversive, a thought dramatized in the *Chicago Tribune* owned by her cousin Bertie McCormick. Anita's outrage at the *Tribune* was one reason why she hoped to found a newspaper that would tell the truth as she saw it. Though her granddaughter tried to dissuade her, she gave many thousands to the frantic leftist *National Guardian*. To a foundation favoring a world government she gave a whole million, which disappeared without a trace. On Wallace's urging she handed $450,000 to Ted Thackrey to launch his unseaworthy *New York Daily Compass*. The $450,000 disappeared and she was thinking of giving Thackrey a million more when she fell ill, lost her memory in toto, and died at 88 in 1954.

She had bridged the Reconstruction era with two world wars and the cold war, not always wisely but with warm concern—never with the heedlessness of the idle rich and indeed most of her own busy kin. Not often does Mr. Harrison, who was for 20 years editor and publisher of *The New Republic*, fail to keep the strands from tangling as he spins his complex story of many different McCormicks. He is on top of his subject, handling it with frankness and discrimination flavored with quiet wit, unrolling a splendid narrative of wealth, power, and madness with Anita as the appealing centerpiece. Where else in the world could one find a family of such explosive potentialities as the McCormicks? If this were a novel we would throw up our hands and say, "Impossible!"

W. A. Swanberg

W. A. Swanberg's biographies include *Luce and his Empire* (Scribner's), which won the Pulitzer Prize, and *Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist* (Scribner's), winner of the National Book Award.

The Executioner's Song by Norman Mailer

(Little, Brown; $16.95)

No doubt about it: Americans are fond of death, and the earlier, the more accidental, or the more absurd it is, the fonder we are. Of course, all the world is fascinated with what Henry James called "the Distinguished Thing," for the most compelling of reasons. But there is a point to saying that, among the nations, we are particularly adept at the obsession, from pop metaphysics to megabuck marketing. James Dean, Lenny Bruce, the Kennedys, Marilyn, and Elvis: nothing enhanced their lives like the leaving of it, and a very good history of post-World War II culture probably could be written in terms of our varying public responses to these successive, and exemplary, deaths.

I say, "could be written," but in fact it *has* been written, by Norman Mailer. No American writer of his generation has tried harder to understand, in its full range from vulgarity to sublimity, the fascination of the Big Loss for a nation of self-professed winners. From his first, towering novel *The Naked and the Dead* (1948) on, he has been telling us that the two passions, for winning and for losing, imply one another, that the personal and political myth of ultimate success *has* to include, and recognize, the chance of ultimate failure, or degenerate into a comfortable and inhuman kind of "winning" which is really the second, and worse, death.

And now, in his 21st book in 30 years, Mailer gives us *The Executioner's Song*, a 1056-page documentary narrative of "the activities of Gary Gilmore and the men and women associated with him" between his release from prison in April 1976 and his execution for murder in early 1977. And it is a masterpiece, the perfect and awesomely executed parable—of winning and losing, of existential nakedness and plastic death—to summarize his accomplishment as a writer.

It is doubtful that Mailer, initially at least, regarded the project in such a strong light. He has, after all, for years now (ever since *Why Are We In Vietnam?* in 1967) been promising to deliver a "real" (i.e. fictional) novel that would consolidate his loudly self-proclaimed position as decathlon champion of contemporary American letters. And *The Executioner's Song* is, after all, "just" more journalism, the editing and transcription of hundreds of hours of taped interviews with Gilmore and his associates into a coherent narrative; the story of a nine-month journey from parole to firing squad that, for a while, diverted or disturbed us all on the six o'clock news.

But Mailer is a romantic, and it is characteristic of romantics, from Byron to Camus and beyond, that they often produce their greatest work when they themselves aren't fully looking. Besides, one of the many edges on which Mailer has always precariously balanced his career and reputation is the edge between fiction and what we like to call (forgetting how fictive it really is) "real life." The subtitle of his best political book, *The Armies of the Night*, is *History as a Novel: The Novel as History*. And, seriously as that subtitle may have been meant in *Armies*, it takes on even more serious meaning in *The Executioner's Song* (subtitled *A True Life Novel*). For if "fiction" means anything at all, it means an intelligent shaping and ordering of the inchoate stuff of life itself.

He was lucky in his subject. Gary Gilmore was a loser, a violent thug who,

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after spending half his life in jails, chose to accept his sentence of death rather than spend the rest of his life there. But he was—*is*, in this book—also a walking compendium of everything that had, long since, become characteristic of the archetypal Mailer hero. He challenged the anonymous, soulless system of

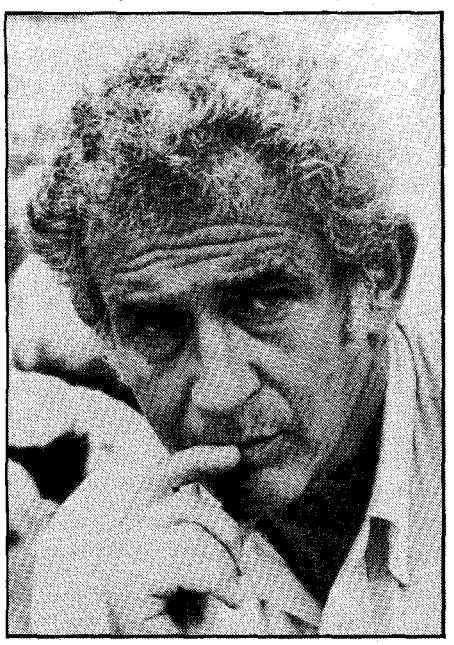

photo of Norman Mailer by Milton H. Greene

public morality for the sake of his identity (as did Lieutenant Hearn in *The Naked and the Dead*); he was a rounder and a rogue with aspirations to art (as was Mikey Lovett in *Barbary Shore*), a self-educated, talented half-orphan and a phony Irishman (Sergius O'Shaughnessy in *Deer Park*), a killer and a media personality (Stephen Rojak in *An American Dream*); he was a foulmouthed vulgarian who hoped his obscenities might be, after all, a kind of prayer (*Why Are We In Vietnam?, The Armies of the Night*) and a sex-obsessed, perpetually horny philosopher whose failures to perform could seem almost a leap toward the ultimate. He was, in other words, as close to being a living character from a Mailer novel as God could have, or Mailer has, invented.

Moreover, by the time he became front-page news, Gilmore had begun to realize another and less savory aspect of Mailer's own career: that of the existential hero trapped among clowns and hucksters capitalizing on his private decision, and even seducing him into complicity in the packaging of what ought to be, in its purity, unpackageable. As soon as Gilmore elected death, the jackals began to gather eagerly. And by the end, the stunningly re-created morning when Gilmore, hung over and coming down from speed, had a hood put over his head and took four rifle shots in his heart, posters and T-shirts with his name and face had long been on the market. Herbert Marcuse once said that no revolution in a capitalist culture can escape being commercialized and co-opted by the very institutions it rebels against. Mailer's book, in one way, is a grim and massive footnote to that comment—Gilmore's revolution being the elementary one of choosing not to go on.

But in another way, *The Executioner's Song* is not so much a substantiation as it is an *example* of what Marcuse was talking about. And it bravely faces that, as it does other more cosmic matters. It is, after all, the executioner's, not the victim's song. Mailer admits that he could not have written the book without access to the lengthy taped interviews with Gilmore, his lover Nicole Barrett, and others made before and just after the execution by Larry Schiller, an entrepreneur in pop death whose previous triumphs include deals on Lenny Bruce, Susan Atkins of the Manson family, and the necrophiliac television special, "Sunshine."

But Mailer in his wisdom has understood that this, too, is part of the story; and Schiller in his wisdom has seen that Mailer is right. The first half of the book, called "Western Voices," is the story of Gilmore's frantic and failed attempt to fit in between the time he is released from prison and the time he is arrested, tried, and found guilty of two murders on two successive nights. But the second half, "Eastern Voices," is really the story of the marketing of Gilmore as he awaits—and demands—death in the Utah state prison. Schiller, a transcendental *macher*, was the man who secured the rights to the most intimate details of Gilmore's story, although many lesser and greater producers, including the Olympian liberal David Susskind, were snapping at them. Schiller's machinations with lawyers, networks, Gilmore relatives, and Gilmore himself are a fascinating, if sleazy, tale by themselves. Mailer has always understood that the moral dilemma is not just to make the crucial existential choice, but to be able to defend and comprehend that choice even after you achieve fame: to retain the loser's distance even after you win. Schiller, by allowing himself to be played as devil's advocate against Gilmore's intense privacy, helps Mailer make this book a powerful expression

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ROBERT PINSKY

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of that dilemma.

Indeed, Schiller himself seems to have been changed, sobered, somehow deepened by his exposure to Gilmore's choice. Early in his research and negotiations, he concluded that there was an occult side to Gilmore, a mysticism about death and freedom he himself could not understand. So he enlisted the aid of Barry Farrell, a fine journalist and a theology-ridden Catholic who composed most of the tortuous, and crucial, questions put to Gilmore in his prison interviews.

Nothing could be more appropriate. If Gilmore incarnates the idea of the Mailer hero, Schiller and Farrell between them incarnate the contradictory halves of Mailer's own career as a writer, the brash PR man touched by metaphysical yearnings and the existential theologian scuffling in the marketplace. With pity and awe we watch them circle around, question, and try to understand the mute figure who seems to ratify and subvert their best hopes and worst fears, and comprehend nothing of him but his complexity.

For Gilmore (like Jim in *Lord Jim*) is both the center of this book and its least visible, least knowable character. Mailer never once allows himself to narrate events from Gilmore's own point of view: even when telling the story of the first, solitary killing, he does not indulge in any speculations about what the killer may have thought or felt at that crucial moment. It is a narrative technique of real genius, particularly since the narrator at one point or another enters and paraphrases the consciousness of every other character of the book. For all the explanations with which he is surrounded, Gilmore remains a mystery—and in remaining a mystery remains (like Jim) one of us.

Granted that Mailer has forged a tale that catches the full ambiguity of life on the edge: can we really call it a creative work, or even more seriously, a work of creative fiction? What has he done, after all, but transcribe, transpose into indirect discourse, and edit the reminiscences of some sad people who happened to cross paths with a penny-ante punk and killer?

Well, in a way he has done nothing more than that. But that is enough, and more than enough. The style of *The Executioner's Song* is remarkably flat, even at times ungrammatical and improvisational: partly, to be sure, as a result of writing the narrative from the tapes of semiliterate people. But the very clumsiness of these characters' narratives achieves an authentic and very moving rhetoric. Especially in the first half of the book, the half describing Gilmore's life and friends, it is like finding yourself surrounded by corrupted Huckleberry Finns, innocents whose inarticulateness is no longer a shield against the ravages of history, but is still the only shield they have. The prose is like black-and-white stock in documentary filmmaking: we know it is consciously chosen, and yet we also know that it somehow, magically, underscores the reality of what we watch.

Indeed, the association with documentary film makes more sense than that. For what Mailer, like a talented director, has done in *The Executioner's Song* is to select, cut, and shape preexisting material into a creation that reflects equally the reality of his own time and the reality of his own imagination: so much so that we do not know whether to be more dazzled by the reflection outward or the one inward. If the novel is a mythology constructed to catch the moral ambiguity of its age, then *The Executioner's Song* is a brilliant, maybe a great, novel. And if *The Executioner's Song* is not that, we had all better revise our definitions.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell teaches English at Northwestern University and is author of *Storytelling and Mythmaking: Images from Film and Literature*, published this fall by Oxford University Press.

Aspects of Development and Underdevelopment by Joan Robinson

(Cambridge University Press; $16.95, $4.95 paper)

Progress for a Small Planet by Barbara Ward

(Norton; $13.95)

Ten or a dozen years ago these would have been exciting, almost revolutionary books. Today they have a faint air of *déjà vu*. Joan Robinson's argument that conventional development strategies are misconceived and incapable of delivering the promised results is something that even the most old-fashioned third world planners are reluctantly beginning to accept. One of Barbara Ward's central themes is the need for conservation, particularly energy conservation, both in the developed and in the underdeveloped countries. With the Harvard report, *Energy Future*, on the bestseller list and the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* running articles on "The Energy-Efficient Society" and a range of related topics, this also is hardly news.

Even so, these are definitely books worth reading. Joan Robinson, the most distinguished living economist not (very unjustly) to have been awarded a Nobel prize, can always be relied on to challenge current economic platitudes. The strength of Barbara Ward's book lies (for me at least) in the wealth of examples she produces to show that conservation is not merely possible but also that it pays off. If Dow Chemical could save 40 percent of its fuel bill simply by improving insulation; if North British Distilleries could make a profit of £687,000 by converting its waste into cattle feed, covering the cost of the new apparatus in a single year; if a Soviet ammonia plant cut water use by 90 percent and dispensed with a 70-megawatt generator simply by recycling, and still made ammonia at one-third of the conventional cost—and these are only random examples—there is not much substance in the complaint that conservation, anti-pollution, and the like spell economic disaster for American business. What will spell disaster is not to conserve and not to recycle.

The reasons are spelled out by Barbara Ward, and if they are not particularly new, they seem to me to be

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entirely in agreement. Seeing that it is in the third world that most of the increment of population will take place, the "basic problem" is, in Joan Robinson's words, "the need for reorganization and technical improvement of the agricultural sector." The alternative, quite simply, is starvation. This means, to quote Joan Robinson again, that "industrializing on the Western pattern is out of the question." How many people are aware that the equivalent of one of France's 83 *départements* disappears under concrete every five years? The position in Japan is even worse. Urbanization on this scale in the third world, often eating up the best agricultural land—as, in fact, it is doing already—would spell disaster.

That does not mean that there should not be large-scale, capital-intensive industry where necessary. But it does mean that there should be a preference for decentralized, labor-intensive, energy-saving, small-scale rather than large-scale technologies, particularly in view of the scarcity of investable resources. "The merit of small-scale production is not," Joan Robinson insists, "so much that it is 'labor-intensive' and permits a rapid growth of employment, as that it is 'capital-saving.'"

What is needed—and not only in the third world—is "more employment at a low level of mechanization," and far more concentration on agriculture. There is little evidence of either. A report issued last July, too late for consideration in either of these books, concludes that interest in land reform has almost entirely ceased in the densely populated third world countries. Joan Robinson's conclusions are frankly and avowedly "pessimistic." In her view "it is not easy to see how the Third World can mount the attack" on mass poverty "while preserving private property in the means of production and respecting the rules of the free-market economy" (a view, no doubt, which goes far to explain why she has not received a Nobel prize). Barbara Ward, on the other hand, pins her faith on what she calls a "global compact," based on "enlightened self-interest." This is the classic liberal solution, but I am bound to say that I am on Joan Robinson's side. There is plenty of self-interest in the world today; but it is rarely enlightened.

That is not meant to imply that we are stuck in the present impasse until the wheels slow down and the inevitable catastrophe ensues. One of the more interesting observations in Barbara

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Geoffrey Barraclough

Geoffrey Barraclough is professor of history at Brandeis University and editor of the *Times Atlas of World History* (Hammond).

The Visible College
by Gary Werskey

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $12.95)

This book begins with a sentence from Karl Marx: "One basis for life and another for science is *a priori* a lie." That is Gary Werskey's premise in this study of five famous left-wing British scientists: J. B. S. Haldane, J. D. Bernal, Joseph Needham, Lancelot Hogben, and Hyman Levy. The book gives a far firmer sense of the social role of science than of the actual scientific work of these men. They did make significant contributions in science—Haldane and Needham as biochemists, Hogben as a biologist, Levy in mathematics, and Bernal as a physicist and crystallographer. But Hogben's appointment to the chair of social biology at the London School of Economics in 1930 is an indication of their greater significance: here is a picture of normally apolitical men of science as public participants.

Werskey must juggle many balls at once. To say that a few slip from time to time that is not to underrate his achievement and the book's importance for an understanding of modern Britain, as well as contemporary dilemmas in the relationship between science and society. To write about scientists is notoriously difficult, as it is hard to convey to the lay reader the technical accomplishments of such figures. Werskey seems somewhat surprised that Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, and Isherwood should be better known today than the comparable "left" figures of the 1930s in the world of science. But literary achievement is more readily *there*, can be grasped by the ordinary reader with more ease than the work of a scientist. In their day, the writings of Haldane and Hogden were immensely popular, and interested many in science who would not have been interested otherwise. And in any case Bernal's and Needham's books on the history of science have acquired lasting significance.

Werskey's primary interest is the degree to which these left-wing scientists coped with the problem of the conjunction of science and socialism. The five came from vastly different backgrounds, ranging from the grand Haldane, son of an eminent physiologist and nephew of the prominent Liberal (then Labour) politician, Richard Burdon Haldane, descendant of a famous Scottish family, to the humble Hyman Levy, a poverty-stricken Jew from the Edinburgh slums. Haldane and Bernal seemed to be the most socially assured—coming from the better-off background of the five: Bernal being the son of an Irish-Catholic gentleman farmer and a cultivated, Protestant, Stanford-educated American woman. Bernal and Haldane were also the furthest left of the five and the most devoted adherents of the Communist party. Levy too was a member; he suffered agonies in the mid-1950s when the party refused to face up to the discrimination against Jews in the Soviet Union.

These five men helped make science less apolitical. In Werskey's picture, the notion that science might have implications for the state of society—certainly of a radical sort—was not very strong when they first appeared on the scene. Scientific institutions were conservative, and in biology this was partially indicated by the important role taken by the study of eugenics, with its racist implications. (It is ironic that it was the Soviet insistence on the "progressive" genetics of Lysenko years later that would help discredit left-wing men of science.) But for these five it seemed inevitable that scientists must be socialists precisely because of their scientific commitment. Needless to say, many scientists thought otherwise.

They were on the left early, but it was not until the 1930s, with the threat of war and fascism, that many other scientists joined them in their socialist concerns. There was a considerable hurdle to be gotten over: somehow it was considered improper for an academic to express a political opinion—but these five argued that the times were so serious that scientists must speak out. There was indeed a certain scientific smugness which may have characterized them: had they—particulary Haldane and Bernal—discovered the secrets of the universe in the alliance of science and Marxism? This message was at its most appealing during the crisis period of the 1930s. In varying intensity, they believed that the proper coming together of science and society—science being used to construct a better world—was occurring in Russia. There was great excitement in 1931 when the Russians came to the second Congress on the History of Science and Technology. At its termination, Bernal asked the rhetorical question—rather incongruously, in the conservative *Spectator*—"Is it better to be intellectually free but socially ineffective, or to become a component part of a system where knowledge and action are joined for one common social purpose?" The question suggests that from the beginning left-wing scientists were aware of the price that might have to be paid in sacrificing the tradition of individualism. Bernal remained the most loyal to the Communist party—Haldane eventually in the 1950s quietly easing himself out and taking up an interest and residence in India, Needham becoming identified with China and embarking upon his great study of the history of science there, Levy leaving the party in distress, and Hogben becoming more reclusive.

Bernal is by far the most vehement in his identification of science with com-

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munism. In *The Social Function of Science* (1939) he seems to have worked it out that some sort of individuality could be preserved. "In its endeavour, science is communism. In science men have learned consciously to subordinate themselves to a common purpose without losing the individuality of their achievements." In the 1930s there was a fusion so that these scientists could both

Haldane rousing a crowd in London.

admire what was happening in Russia and, as Germany became more and more of a threat, serve the defensive purposes of their own country. Haldane was active in providing protection against possible gas attacks and Bernal was deeply involved in planning the D-day landing. He came to hold a rather terrifying optimistic view of the world: a cold scientific utopia which he claimed was nevertheless "truly human" in contrast to the miseries in the class-ridden society of capitalism: "the socialized, integrated scientific world organization is coming." Russia unfortunately became an increasingly dubious example of such a possible utopia.

These scientists came into their own during World War II and immediately after, when the Labour party called for the extensive application of science to social problems. But the hopes of these years for the alliance of science and socialism were dissipated during the cold war; the revelations about Stalin and the disillusionment with Russia as the scientific utopia undercut the position of these five men. Science obviously does have politicial implications for society. But whether the members of "the visible college" show that science by its nature belongs in a socialist rather than a capitalist society has not been demonstrated conclusively. Marx is undoubtedly right, but there is no firm indication of which society will provide the ideal basis for science. In this perceptive study Werskey and his five subjects have at least attempted to cope with the problem.

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky teaches British history at Stanford University. His *Orwell: the Transformation*, written in collaboration with William Abrahams, will be published in the spring.

A Dream of Greatness: The American People, 1945-1963 by Geoffrey Perrett

(Coward, McCann and Geoghegan; $24.95)

From V-J Day to the death of John Kennedy, Geoffrey Perrett argues in this rather swollen social history, the US embarked on a self-conscious pursuit of greatness. Millions of Americans experienced this national afflatus personally, as a heightening of their "social morale." After 1963, to judge by lower voter turnouts and doubling suicide rates, morale would decline. One day it would hit rock bottom, and malaise would break out.

Mr. Perrett advances a more sophisticated version of this idea at the beginning and end of his book, but in the vast space in between, he paints a different picture. There the US seems an anxious and distracted nation, looking worriedly over its shoulder first at the atomic then at the hydrogen Communists, while its people rock and roll, move to the suburbs, become organization men, succumb to the feminine mystique, and in general act out the other-directed social character. Unnoticed, 30 million other Americans live in poverty. The statistic comes from Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, which appeared at the end of this period. In that book the US does not look like a great nation, but like a nation that had lost its conscience on the way to the suburbs.

The US made epochal progress in science, technology, and the arts of ease during the postwar. Through the Marshall Plan, it helped Europe rise from the ashes. At a cost of 50,000 of its sons, it defended the principle of collective security in Korea. Perrett is right when he calls these endeavors the marks of a great civilization. Nevertheless, in the postwar the US failed what Dr. Johnson called "the true test of civilization"—it did not make "a decent provision for the poor." Instead, it ignored them: they got mud on the greatness. As Perrett points out, Harrington's bad news came as a shock; in 1961 we had to discover poverty from a book. Fed as it was by callousness and mobility, the dream of greatness was a fantasy of the comfortable.

Still, who could have doubted the national destiny on that October day in 1945 when the Navy sent a fleet up the

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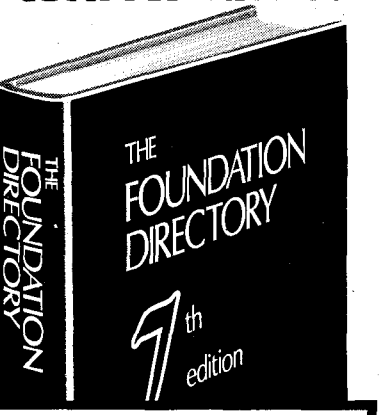

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Hudson to celebrate the recent victory? "Each ship fired a 21-gun salute while overhead 12,000 Navy planes flew past in the most imposing show of air power ever presented over an American city." The Army's turn came in early January, when the 82nd Airborne marched down Fifth Avenue:

> *They appeared with bayonets fixed and bared, 13,000 strong, marching on behalf of all the men who had worn the Army uniform in wartime. . . . The simplicity of the scene [no music, few flags, no politicians] gave people a chance to reflect on what it stood for—the 300,000 soldiers who had died, the million who had been wounded. New Yorkers crowded the sidewalks and the side streets. In the daunting cold, tears glistened on cheeks.*

This passage comes early in the first chapter, and when I read it I knew that I would go on to read the whole book. *A Dream of Greatness* has faults. Perrett sacrifices movement and intellectual elegance for comprehensiveness. He writes well but tersely, and over such a long book this style does not please. His judgments are sometimes inconsistent, and, rarely, even dubious. But as the passage I quoted shows, he can convey the emotion of great occasions, and in an historian that gift is rare and too often ignored. That passage also displays a sympathy and solidarity with the people who really make history of which Tolstoy would have been proud, and which, as an intelligent regard, runs throughout Perrett's narrative.

The first problem the returning veterans faced was where to live. During the war few private houses had been built, and in the immediate postwar the pre-fab housing lobby repeatedly stymied bills to build more public housing. The lobby's biggest friend was a new senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, and this look at an unlighted corner of his past is typical of Perrett's treatment of the postwar: to a tale that William Manchester, Geoffrey Hodgson, and David Caute have all told in recent years, he simply adds fresh and sometimes arresting details. This is not a very sophisticated historical method, but it works well enough.

An academic historian might sniff that Perrett's details are factoids, meaningless bits of information. But I think most readers will be as pleased as I was at finding out what happened to the Flying Fortresses after the war (a Missouri junk dealer bought most of them for scrap) or, when they get to Perrett's excellent account of the domestic cold war, at discovering that HUAC's subpoenas were printed on, yes, pink paper.

Perhaps they will also see meaning in the following facts: that John Kennedy and Joe McCarthy became friends in the Pacific, that McCarthy later dated Patricia Kennedy, that Joe Kennedy Sr. contributed to McCarthy's reelection campaign in 1952, when McCarthy's scurrility was as plain as sin. The upshot of the story is a better-known fact: John Kennedy was the only Democrat who did not vote to censure McCarthy. Lyndon Johnson must have been disappointed in him; it was he who had shepherded the censure motion through the Senate.

The best section in the book, "The Cold War as a Way of Life," is, as Joyce said of life, an intensely serious low comedy, full of knaves and fools, and victims, plenty of victims. In Texas possession of communism was a felony; the governor wanted to make it a capital offense. The Cincinnati Reds, Perrett tells us, changed their name to Redlegs. When Khrushchev visited the US—this, mind you, was in 1959: "Cardinal Spellman decreed that an extra three Hail Marys should be said each day in the parochial schools to ward off possibly dire effects." The distinguished Anglo-Catholic novelist Graham Greene was not allowed into the country—hadn't he been a Communist? He had, but 30 years before, only for a month, and mainly as a joke. On the same grounds, Linus Pauling was not allowed out—until he won the Nobel prize. "The times were so out of joint," Perrett remarks, "that even the ACLU defended the restrictions on passports and visas." The ACLU's reasoning was wonderfully metaphysical; it alluded to "dangers which are neither wholly clear nor demonstrably present." This led I.F. Stone to quip: "Is this defending civil liberties or doing psychic research?" This was to the point. With the ACLU's blessing, the government was not only doing psychic research, it was banning psychic states—ideas, opinions, beliefs, whims, and whimseys—that threatened the republic. The real threat to the republic, of course, was this assault on the liberty of opinion. My one complaint with Perrett's version of these years is that he treats communism more as a fear than as a reality: it was, after all, an alarmingly present danger all through this period, even if it was never a clear one. No doubt Perrett neglects the East-West confrontation because he is writing social history, not a history of the cold war. But I can easily imagine that some nostalgic zealot will charge him with being soft on communism.

Of the postwar presidents, Perrett likes Ike best. He lauds Truman's pluck, but regrets his role in starting the witch-hunts. He is cool toward Kennedy. Unexpectedly. I should have thought that Kennedy, with his cult of national will and his penchant for the rhetoric of destiny, was the embodiment of the dream of greatness. Perrett approves of the dream, but not of its animation. How can we account for the inconsistency? This, I suspect, is what happened: when Perrett got to Kennedy he remembered where the dream of greatness, of irresistible and beneficent power, was taking us—to Vietnam, where the dream, and 59,000 Americans born between 1945 and 1963, would die. That was enough to wake Perrett from the dream, as it was enough to wake so many of the rest of us.

Two statements bracket the moral history of this era; I borrow them from Perrett. One is Henry Luce's much-quoted prophecy that this was going to be the American century. The other is the post-Vietnam vision of George F. Kennan, whom Perrett, rightly in my view, includes among the great men of the postwar. It is bleak, deflationary; perhaps true. "We have nothing to teach the world. We have to confess that we have not got the answers to the problem of human society in the modern world." That thought would have been inadmissable between 1945 and 1963; in the zero-sum thinking of those years, if we did not have the answer, then the Russians must have it, for there had to be *an* answer, one way of life, whether the way of freedom or the way of slavery, that was right for all men, everywhere. But the world has grown more complex since then, or perhaps it is we who have grown more complex. In any case, we don't think that way anymore. We have lost certain stirring simplicities and expectations, but have we not also gained, by way of compensation, that larger lucidity about ourselves, our motives, and our condition which Ambassador Kennan's words suggest?

Jack Beatty

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Robin Winks on mysteries

SS-GB: Nazi Occupied Britain 1941
by Len Deighton
Knopf; $9.95)

The Eighth Dwarf
by Ross Thomas
Simon and Schuster; $9.95)

Trial Run
by Dick Francis
Harper & Row; $8.95)

The Empty House
by Michael Gilbert
Harper & Row; $9.95)

A Comedian Dies
by Simon Brett
Scribner's; $7.95)

Power Plays
by Collin Wilcox
(Random House; $7.95)

The Murder of Miranda
by Margaret Millar
(Random House; $8.95)

The Masterplayers
by Michael Sinclair
(Norton; $7.95)

The Golden Child
by Penelope Fitzgerald
(Scribners; $7.95)

Verdict of 13: A Detection Club Anthology
introduced by Julian Symons
(Harper & Row; $9.95)

Gothic Novels of the Twentieth Century: An Annoted Bibliography
by Elsa J. Radcliffe
(Scarecrow Press; $12)

Ross Macdonald
by Jerry Speir
(Ungar; $9.95)

Twenty-eight books in three months, and 12 of them worth talking about: not a bad lot for the quarter. Of course there are the 32 others, not read and by now not likely to be, and the dozen or so that the publishers simply forgot to or didn't care to send. That's a lot of books in three months' time, and one can understand why university libraries (and the serious reader) are reluctant to worry about the tradition from which they come, for given processing costs, postage costs, and the prices themselves, it would require at least $1200 to put the flow of detective, mystery, and spy fiction onto the shelf.

As usual, several of the authors reviewed here have tried to escape their stereotype by labeling their books "A Novel"; Deighton, Thomas Francis, Gilbert, Millar, and Sinclair, or their publishers for them, insist this is what they have written. If they think this will keep them from being relegated to Newgate Callendar and the likes of this column, they don't know their place. Perhaps had they chosen, years ago, to write in the manner of "the novel of outrage" (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*) or the picaresque pastiche (*The World According to Garp*) they too might have been found to be "electric," "profound," "forcing us to face our bitter truths," etc. No matter. They are what they are, and let us thank Dickens and Auden and their other for that.

ghton's *SS-GB* does come being what conventional reviewers conventionally call "a novel." After all, Deighton has attempted straight novels before, and while he has had his wrists slapped, he just keeps on writing thrillers in that fine British tradition. Here he engages in an excellent example of an exercise scholars have been known to take seriously: counterfactual history. *What if* Germany had invaded and occupied England in 1941? The king is a prisoner in the Tower, the queen and princesses have escaped Down Under, Churchill has been executed as a war criminal, and the SS has taken over Scotland Yard. Murders still occur, however, although perhaps now with the additional motivation of resistance; Detective Superintendent Archer of the Yard, whether taken to be a collaborator or not, must get on with his work, since not all crimes are connected to the occupation. Perhaps the king can be spirited away to the United States or Canada to inspire further resistance. These are the premises, and Deighton pursues them rigorously to their conclusions. This is counterfactual history with a vengeance.

Deighton has always been one of the best, and for much of the time *SS-GB* is one of *his* best. The German occupiers are not monsters; many are Anglophilic, Oxford educated, delighted to be in charge of a country they admire. They feud amongst themselves, subtly and quietly, as to how best to promote their interests, or to preserve the Britain they admire, even if as a German appendage. Some British collaborate, some are profiteers; not everyone is noble in the face of the enemy. Historical figures, too, behave as one suspects they would have done, *als ob*: De Gaulle, FDR, Mackenzie King. Archer of the yard goes to sleep with an Agatha Christie book and tries to help his son in school. The war is far away. All of this is strangely compelling, as though we had a chance to see a different future, not one any reader would be likely to want, but still fascinating for all that. Only in the end does a sense of haste, or of simple unwillingness to bring the cavalry to the rescue, seem to cloud the clarity of the argument. The ending is logical yet somehow dissatisfying. But it is an ending that gives promise of another chapter to come, and one can only hope this is so.

Ross Thomas has also turned to history, although one suspects more from memory than from research. *The Eighth Dwarf* is vintage Thomas: not as good as *Chinaman's Chance*, which came just before, but very good nonetheless. Most of the book takes place in occupied Germany in 1946, and with a rich plum pudding of phrases, Thomas brings that period utterly alive—Mars Bars, and ball-point pens that were promised to write under water, and UNRRA, and all. Three intelligence agencies are trying to find a German Jew who is continuing his wartime tricks, systematically eliminating Germans who deserved to be eliminated by his (and most) lights. The Zionists want him in Palestine; the British want him elsewhere; the Russians and Americans have their own devious plans; the family simply wants him found. Minor Jackson, a kind of Clint Eastwood type, is set on the track by a Rumanian dwarf. Around them swirls the old OSS, the new CIA aborning. This may not be history, but it is close enough, and even the serious reader might profit from *The Eighth Dwarf*.

Deighton and Thomas are old faithfuls, dependable in quality and noted for their regularity; some other old faithfuls are also on hand, although they look to the future, or live in the present, perhaps not caring for the pleasures of counterfactual history. The best of these, once again, is Dick Francis, whose *Trial Run* not only provides his fans with all that they expect—horses, sound research, literate exposition, wry dialogue—but also brings Francis back to standard after a slight falter in his last furlong. A grounded but expert

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SHUTTLE

"Burning in this strange, this ill-fitting body
of my marriage, I settled too early with my wife,
crazy, frightened, two days out of college.
For fifteen years I watched darkness construct
a kind of house around my life. When morning came,
I thought I'd never have the courage to shake
loose from her arms, the arms of my children.
Fear protects us from the accidents of self.
Sadness always keeps us thirsty—
because we imagine we can always drink more
happiness than our capacity allows.
This morning on the plane I had this thought:
for fifteen years marriage was my address
and I was its homesick tenant.
Now my life is opening like the dream
with all its familiar furniture, even
a flight of stairs dizzying and continuous
I begin to climb.
I feel like the bird you brought home:
rocketed to your apartment in a cardboard box
with symmetrical punched-out holes
to let in a little light and air.
I watched you quaking, handle the quaking thing
clinging to the bronze bars of its cage.
For hours I've watched it, pretending to read.
I can't keep my eyes from the animal—so miserable,
hunched rigid on its perch, catatonic
from the absent flutter and touch
of other wings; refusing seed, refusing water,
in terror of your hand. The bird worries me
now that I'm free, shocked by light again."

Jane Shore

steeplechaser, Randall Drew, is sent to Moscow to smell out why a member of the British royal family is being warned off participating in the equestrian events at the forthcoming Olympics. Drew is quick-witted and knowledgeable enough but no superman, and he strikes up a number of encounters in a claustrophobic and wintry city, each told with an exceptional eye and ear for detail. Dick Francis has always shown an ability to saturate himself in the details of a place, as when he wrote of Australia in *In the Frame*, and one senses that he has done his Moscow research personally and with pleasure. There is an added and unusual dividend in discovering a writer who knows precisely how those whose vision is utterly bound by the limits of their eyeglasses will react in a variety of situations; one suspects that Francis has reached the bifocal stage himself, else he would get it subtly wrong on occasion.

Michael Gilbert is another British writer who knows how to create believable and likable characters and how to carry the reader with him over lovingly described landscapes, and *The Empty House* does not disappoint. It is in the tradition of Geoffrey Household and John Buchan. A car plunges off a Devonshire cliff; a top flight boffin from the British Biological Warfare Research unit is missing; £100,000 in insurance is involved. Peter Manciple, insurance adjuster, is asked to look into the situation, and to no one's surprise except his own, he finds the waters get deeper and deeper. Gilbert makes good use of *Lorna Doone* references and sites throughout the countryside, he brings in an interesting and fashionable anti-Israeli question or two, and in the end both his moral stances and the well-scattered clues turn out to have been so many satisfying red herrings. In short, this is a traditional book, and a pleasure for that.

Simon Brett hasn't written enough books to be called "traditional" quite yet, but he is well on the way to it, and *A Comedian Dies* should (together with *Star Trap* and *An Amateur Corpse*, both published last year) win him the readership he deserves. His series figure is Charles Paris, a slightly seedy actor who survives on the fringes of the Englisl theater. Paris makes a lot of mistakes, ir his private life as well as in hi professional life as a sleuth, and he is no irresistibly likable, but he is persistent amusing, and what we usually mear when we call the English "so civilized.' In *A Comedian Dies* Charles Paris suspect: that a fatal accident is murder and he blunders about proving it. Along the way the reader is introduced to muck lore about music halls and the acts that inhabit them. Charles takes a few too many highballs, and we are ahead of him in solving the crime, but the final page packs a surprise and a punch nonetheless. It is time to elevate Simon Brett from the Comers to those who have Made It.

It may seem silly and even condescending to say the same thing of a writer on the publication of his 13th book, but I have never cared for Collin Wilcox before. His series figure, Lieutenant Frank Hastings of San Francisco Homicide, has always seemed cardboard to me, and despite living there, Wilcox has never been able to make that glorious city come to life. Now he does so, in a tightly constructed book about the murder of a faded television commentator and his screenwriter daughter who wants the murderer found. Hastings finds himself caught in the middle of overlapping power plays among City Hall and the FBI and the news media, and the blustery anger and hard-nosed skill he applies in about equal measure to unravel the plot seem entirely too authentic.

Authenticity is not Margaret Millar's strong suit in *The Murder of Miranda*, which is surprising since she normally is one of the most dependable writers of "psychological suspense" fiction around. Here we have Tom Aragon, back from *Ask for Me Tomorrow*, but a new Aragon who must play straight-man for a series of unfunny, even vicious, comments on the needs and idiosyncracies of the aging. Miranda Shaw, rich and widowed, disappears into Mexico with the lifeguard from her club; Aragon finds them; several vicious oldsters (and one nine-year-old youngster), all without redeeming social merit, then bring on an expected conclusion. Yet Ms. Millar does have a surprise for us in the end, and the final two pages are almost worth the entire read.

It is too early yet to know whether Michael Sinclair is going to become an old faithful. *The Masterplayers* is his third thriller of its kind, and it shows a great deal of promise on which it doesn't

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lot is the kind that suckers
ı Ness, cynical professor of
Columbia University, is
some modest if unwise
gathering while on re-
n Bucharest. He learns that
a Scotswoman during the
t of the Danube delta by
Imperial Fleet in 1877 is
rent events in the Balkans,
ns to Sulina to investigate
f the old Danube Commis-
end he pursues and is
Scotland and London,
own lack of foresight he is
ated not once but twice, and
ne things about history he
learn in the seminar room.
is accurate and nicely
the narrative, and the
real enough, but Sinclair
ough he were on leave of
spin off a rather slight
esis as a by-product of
lse on his mind, and in the
kage is neither convincing
tertaining.

nent is well made up for in
:zgerald's *The Golden Child*.
e will find this as funny as I
vould have to know and love
useums, and the strange
at libraries. For those who
3ritish Museum, however,
to be one of the nicest—yes,
:riences of the year. This is
e Fitzgerald's first mystery,
es there will be many more,
is difficult to see how there
thers remotely like this. The
the point: an ancient golden
being put on display in the
e crowds encouraged to see
ɔste to Tutankhamen and to
/ of schlock to further enrich
n. German professor Un-
suggests that the artifacts
ıthentic. Murder is done,
'ernments are angry, and
ıth, a truly junior officer of
n, pokes and pries his way
r. The writing is highly
h many a lovely throwaway
ıy be fully recognizable only
ɛrate Anglophile. There is an
unny parody of how to read
in the end we learn why a
ım "is like a sovereign state
at will not be news but it is
t confirmed. *The Golden Child*
work of substance.

ot say the same for *Verdict of*
)etection Club, as Julian
s us, was founded in 1932;
'rton was its first president.

But one would not know from the insubstantial short stories that appear here that the short story once was capable of making a genuine addition to the canons of mystery writing. Jacques Barzun has argued that the short story is the best form for the mystery; I think it the worst, and on the evidence of *Verdict of 13*, no jury would say me nay. The gimmick that links the stories is that they must involve a "jury"—that is, a judgment by peers. Some of the truly great names of modern detective fiction are present. Yet even P. D. James, Michael Gilbert, Dick Francis, Ngaio Marsh, and Julian Symons appear thin gruel, transparent, unmystifying, in this collection.

We conclude with two straightforward works of scholarship. The first is also an act of love: Elsa Radcliffe's careful, annotated bibliography of *Gothic Novels of the Twentieth Century*. Published by the Scarecrow Press, which hides away in Metuchen, New Jersey (52 Liberty Street), this book should be in every library, for it not only guides one to the literature (or, as some might prefer, away from it) but provides a useful set of running definitions of "the gothic" as well. One learns all the variants ("Louisiana Gothic") while being treated to good judgment along the way. Ms. Radcliffe produced her book, as she says, with the help of the library at Shippensburg State College in Pennsylvania, and she and I can both attest that a well-informed group of aficionados lurks within those halls (including W. Keith Kraus, professor of English at Shippensburg, who has produced an imaginative manual, *Murder, Mischief, and Mayhem*, which shows how to turn students on to more creative research papers).

Frederick Ungar is launching a series of biographical/critical studies of detective writers. The first, *Ross Macdonald*, is by Jerry Speir, and it is intelligent and perceptive without being grim or derivative. Books like this tend to engage in too many plot summaries, and Speir doesn't entirely avoid falling into cliché, but setting aside the rare article (such as Geoffrey Hartman's), this is the best sustained inquiry into Ross Macdonald that we have. Ungar promises titles on Chandler and Hammett soon, which will give us an opportunity to see the three members of the great continuum side by side. All will be available in paper as well.

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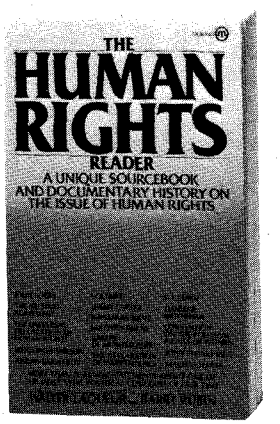

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Brief Reviews

Black Detroit and the Rise of the UAW by August Meier and Elliot Rudwick

(Oxford University Press; $15)

At a time when the Chrysler Corporation is applying for welfare and Lee Iococca is cutting back his salary to a dollar a year, it is important to remember that Detroit once was a center of economic opportunity. In 1914, Henry Ford announced the five-dollar-a-day wage, and workers flocked to the Motor City, "like pretty girls to Hollywood," in Murray Kempton's phrase. Most auto manufacturers were explicitly racist in their hiring policies, but Henry Ford hired relatively large numbers of blacks.

A paternalistic racist (as well as a strident anti-Semite), Ford hoped that the black workers would be his most loyal and docile employees. Just to make sure, he hired two black management officials, a policeman and a football player, and assigned them to recruit and oversee black workers. In addition, Ford used a network of conservative clergy to help screen black employees and insure that they remained loyal.

By the 1930s, "loyalty" to Henry Ford required opposition to organizing efforts by the United Auto Workers, and Ford fully intended to exploit black workers as his personal shock-troops in resisting unionization. The contest for the support of black auto workers became not only a battle between Ford and the UAW but also a class and generational struggle within the black community, pitting conservative clergy and business leaders against auto workers and young liberals and radicals within politics, the ministry, journalism, and law.

The authors of a major study of the Congress of Racial Equality (*CORE: A Study in the Civil Rights Movement*), August Meier and Elliot Rudwick developed an interest in this chapter in black and labor history while researching a history of the NAACP. Although its Detroit chapter initially backed Ford, the national NAACP played an important part in building black support for the UAW. Its efforts climaxed in 1941, with NAACP national secretary Walter White's speech in front of the struck Ford River Rouge plant, urging blacks not to allow Ford to use them as strike-breakers. Earlier, a young assistant to White named Roy Wilkins had created a furor with an article that criticized ministerial support for Ford against black auto workers: "The spectacle of poor preachers, ministering to the needs of poor people, whose lot from birth to death is to labor for a pittance, rising to frenzied, namecalling defense of a billionaire manufacturer, is enough to make the Savior himself weep."

Roy Wilkins was not the only future leader to emerge from the struggle to organize black workers. The roster of leaders who bucked the conservative establishment and Henry Ford reads like a Who's Who of black leadership of the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s—John Conyers Sr., Charles Diggs Sr., fathers of two members of Congress; Horace Sheffield, then an auto worker and NAACP youth leader and now a prominent UAW leader in Detroit; Louis Martin, then editor of the weekly *Michigan Chronicle* and later an official in the Democratic National Committee; and Gloster Current, then an NAACP youth activist and later a top aide to Wilkins in the NAACP. As Meier and Rudwick make clear through their exhaustive history, the Reuther brothers were not the only talented leaders to emerge from the strikes and sit-ins of the 1930s in Detroit.

By the end of the decade, according to Meier and Rudwick, black Detroit had forged a new alliance with the UAW and CIO, and had largely severed its relationship with the auto company officials whose patronage had been revealed as little more than an effort to recruit strikebreakers. Although Walter Reuther and his predecessor as UAW president, R. J. Thomas, were both outspoken civil rights advocates, the problems of racism in the auto industry and the Detroit metropolitan area remained, and Meier and Rudwick provide an unvarnished history of an era when, even in a northern industrial city, major corporations and the federal and local governments colluded in discriminatory practices. Having told the story of unionization, Meier and Rudwick tell a second story—the role of the UAW in the 1940s, when federal public housing projects remained segregated, when defense contractors flatly refused to hire black women, and when it was an act of courage for either Thomas or Reuther to advocate fair

SONATA

for Janet

Wake up and listen, tonight
the dark wind trembles in the pines
like the nervous hands of a young girl

playing a sonata for her grandmother
for the first time, or like
the spindly legs of an old woman

walking home through a field of stumped
elms buried in the fog. The girl
hits the wrong note, just once, and

suddenly the old woman begins to hum,
loudly and out of tune, a cradle song
to ward off the darkest shadows.

Wake up! And wake my mother
in her bed and your mother in her bed,
my grandmother in her coffin. Wake up

our daughters and granddaughters still unborn.
Tonight the wind is playing the same song
over and over again, the same sonata,

yes, with the same wrong note
relentless as time, unbearable and human.

Edward Hirsch

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ɾick hold personally on
ıerical goals in employ-
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sed in this study of the
Great Depression and
Specimens of the rare
nded historians, Meier
nply relate the facts—
d let readers draw their
. If only because of its
ıil, this somewhat dry
study is essential to
labor and civil rights

David Kusnet

ticles and reviews have
Nation, the *Village Voice*,
Leader, the *Washington*
Newsletter of the Democratic

ır
García Márquez
; $8.95)

962) is Gabriel García
l novel, pre-dating *One*
Solitude (1967) and *The*
triarch (1976) as well as
and Other Stories (1972),
ished here in translation
imagine that numerous
ıg to expect that *In Evil*
García Márquez novel
ıe his earlier works, even
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ıs. I suspect, also, that
ɛemed García Márquez's
ɾill probably be disap-
il Hour, simply because of
of translating and
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as clearly a kind of trial
Hundred Years of Solitude
it is, with mention of
ovel's famous setting, as
of the characters from
, *In Evil Hour* stands on its
limited exploration of at
rcía Márquez's concerns:
of leadership. The
ɛs upon the members of a
ıity, undergoing a sort of
: or testing. The mayor,

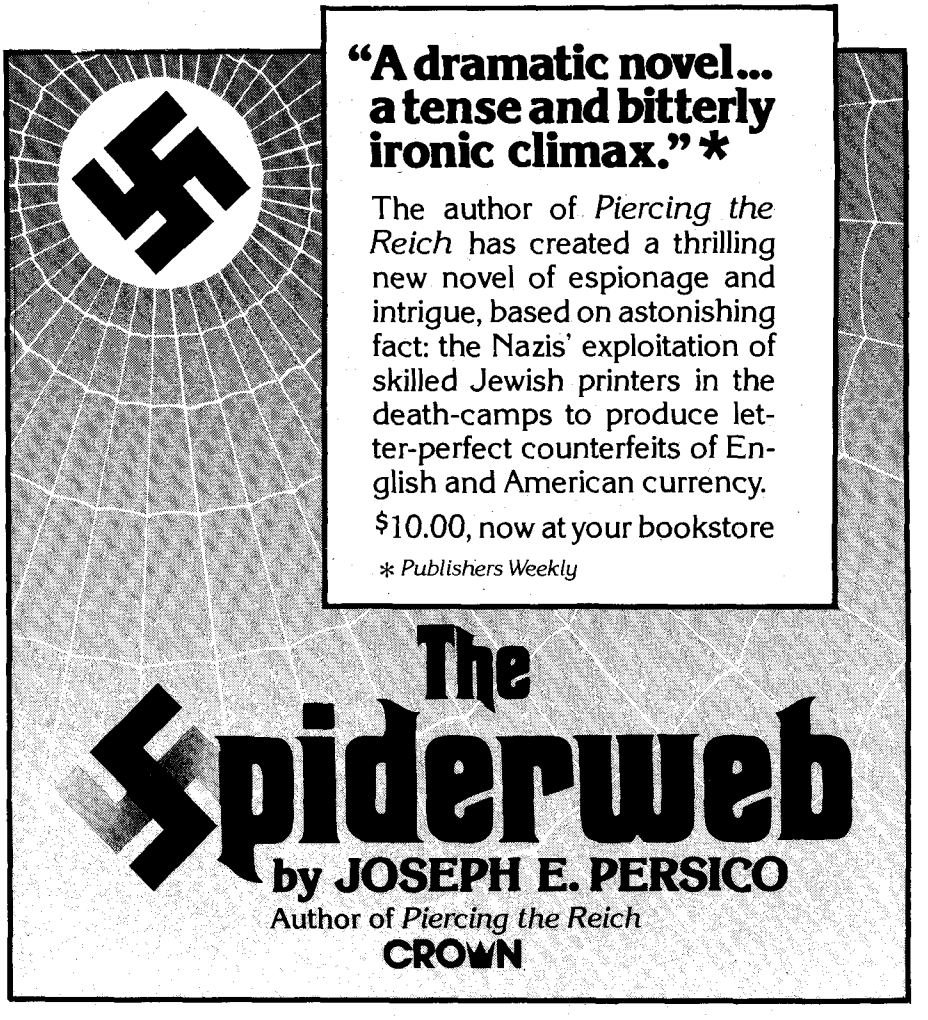
the priest, the judge, and lesser figures such as the barber, the dentist, and numerous businessmen—all are here, troubled by the latest outbreak of public lampoons, written attacks on important citizens that mysteriously appear posted throughout the town during the night.

Human nature being what it is, a kind of panic soon dominates village activity. Citizens go berserk when they find themselves the objects of the latest lampoon, or, just as frequently, when they fear that they will be the next object of these satirical attacks. García Márquez makes it quite clear that the lampoons themselves are fairly innocuous. As Judge Arcadio notes, "They revealed no secrets: there was nothing said in them that hadn't been in the public domain for some time." The judge's secretary comments, "It isn't the lampoons that won't let people sleep; it's fear of the lampoons.'" Fear itself.

Behind these anxieties is the political background we have learned to expect (and admire) in García Márquez's other writings: instability, official corruption, an incipient revolution with clandestine talk of guerrilla forces scattered throughout the country. In short, this is the story of another smoldering Latin American society, with the village itself a microcosm of the evils unleashed in the greater world. The author suggests a kind of manipulation by proxy, as cryptic decrees arrive outlining even more questionable government policies. It isn't long before some of the village leaders realize that the lampoons act as a kind of necessary stabilizing force, keeping people's minds on the trivial instead of the important.

The problem, of course, lies in distinguishing the unimportant from the significant—especially for those figures holding positions of leadership. When the mayor decides to rid the town of the unknown writer of the lampoons, he looses a wave of evil that results in the brutal torture and subsequent death of a village youth. The sacrificial murder of this scapegoat (a mythic pattern with suggestions of fertility and ritual cleansing) restores a modicum of order to the village, but—and here's the catch—there isn't much left of the town worth saving since many of the families have already fled to the haven of the surrounding bush.

Though it was written some years before García Márquez's denser works, *In Evil Hour* is more than a prelude to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those later novels. The dazzling sense of place, the colorful idiosyncrasy of character—traits that place García Márquez in a class by himself—are present for us to marvel over once again. Yet what I find so refreshing about *In Evil Hour* is its economy of image, plus a kind of quietness often lacking in the author's more popular works. For these alone, we should be grateful that it was translated out of order.

Charles R. Larson

Charles R. Larson, professor of literature at American University, is the author of *American Indian Fiction* (University of New Mexico Press) and a novel, *The Insect Colony* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

Correspondence, *from page 7*

Allen died in the Southwest about 1960, survived by a young son and a brother in the Chicago area who may have acquired the papers.

Professor Peter H. Amann, History
University of Michigan-Dearborn
4901 Evergreen Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48128

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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European Diarist

Busman's Holiday

Sometimes a foreign correspondent can acquire knowledge and insights while on vacation in a country that might have eluded him if he was there working hard on an assignment. I learned this again recently while wandering through Western Europe with my wife. For example: dining one evening at L'Aubèrge du Père Bise, the fabulous three-star restaurant in the French village of Talloires on Lake Annecy at the foothills of the Alps, I noticed that the price per person for the basic three-course meal was $70, not counting wines (one of the cheaper wines from Père Bise's cellar runs around $40 a bottle) or even Perrier water. This, I said to my wife, must be the exclusive domain of very wealthy foreign tourists; the natives aren't supposed to be *that* rich. But, looking more carefully around the large room, I realized that quite a few of our fellow diners were French—in fact, average-looking French. Reading the newspaper the next morning over coffee at the village's Café de la Place, I found at least a partial explanation for this phenomenon (as well as for the incredibly high prices of *everything* in France). This was a study by France's National Statistical Institute (INSEE), revealing that the wealth of Frenchmen had doubled in five years, far exceeding inflation, and that two-thirds of this wealth was in the hands of individual households, with corporate wealth accounting for just one-third. Another set of statistics showed that the distribution of wealth in France is the most unequal in all of Europe: the average wealth among the professions, industrialists, and big merchants is 16 times that of factory and farm workers and service employees. France thus is the quintessential nation of the *grande bourgeoisie*, to a degree unknown in other modern industrial societies. This may be social dynamite in the long run, but for the moment it explains why so many Frenchmen can dine *chez* Père Bise. I suppose many of them eat cake.

France may be rich in this fashion, but she is also getting old, as is the rest of Western Europe. Attending a conference of the European Economic Community, held this year in southwestern Ireland, I was surprised to hear that one of the most serious deadlines facing Europe is the "demographic deadline" around 1985, when the region will be in the throes of a major labor shortage. This is because of the sharp drop in the fertility rate since the mid-1960s. This also happens to be the pattern in the United States, but American technology and automation probably can pick up the slack for a period. For Europe, we were solemnly informed, the shrinkage of youth threatens to create a major crisis, calling for new social policies that, I gather, no one has yet devised. During the boom of the 1960s, the industrialized European nations imported unskilled labor massively from southern Europe. In 1985, however, the need will be for *skilled* manpower, which simply will not be available. Does this mean that the pragmatic West will suddenly abolish the pill, or what?

The exception to this trend happens to be the Republic of Ireland, where the annual population increase runs merrily at 1.6 percent. But this fact of life, as Prime Minister Jack Lynch told us, is most ironic. While young populations throughout Western Europe are shrinking and birth rates are falling below replacement levels, one-half of the Irish population is below 25 years of age, and Ireland's problem is finding employment for her youth. Ireland, in a way, is Western Europe's last frontier economically (southern Europe is another frontier), but, partly because of the island's political troubles, she is at the bottom of the list of foreign investors, American or Western European. Prime Minister Lynch argues for investments, including near the border of Northern Ireland, on the theory that new employment may defuse some of the awesome pressures in Ulster, but he is too realistic to expect a sudden in-flow of capital. Sadly, it is the problem o security that overwhelms this country so beautiful in the autumnal mists. Th murder of Lord Mountbatten b terrorists of the provisional wing of th Irish Republican Army has shocke most of southern Ireland as badly as i did Britain. Thus the talk in Ireland is o bank robberies by IRA terrorists both ir the South and the North, of the secre flow of arms to the terrorists (a lot of i from the United States, apparently with the collusion of some Irish customs inspectors), and of the hopelessness of i all. The prime minister (who is called Taoiseach in Gaelic) would like to see a new British political initiative in Ulster, but he acknowledges that violence in and around Northern Irlenad may go on for "decades."

Strangely, Switzerland is another country in Western Europe where there is much talk about arms these days. The issue there, I discovered, is whether the Swiss army has adequate modern weapons to defend the nation from—presumably—a Soviet conventional attack. The Swiss army being a citizens' army, it was perhaps normal, if surprising to a foreigner, that problems of military procurement were heatedly discussed at a public meeting, a sort of a town meeting, that I chanced to attend. With a top army commander and civilian military commentators arguing at the meeting held near Zurich, the subjects of discussion were what should replace the Swiss-built PANZER-68 tank that all present thought to be wholly inadequate; where anti-tank weapons should be acquired; and whether the army could prevent a *blitzkrieg* penetration into northeastern Switzerland. On the latter point, the army commander was rather pessimistic. I was stunned by remarks by civilian panelists that many Swiss may be somewhat less than anxious to die in defending their motherland, a view that led the army commander to forceful assurances that the military morale among his men was never better. But, whatever the truth, I had gained a new insight into one of Switzerland's basic new problems, that of defense, that one hadn't been accustomed to hear about this mountain-fortress land.

T.S.

Coming Next Week:

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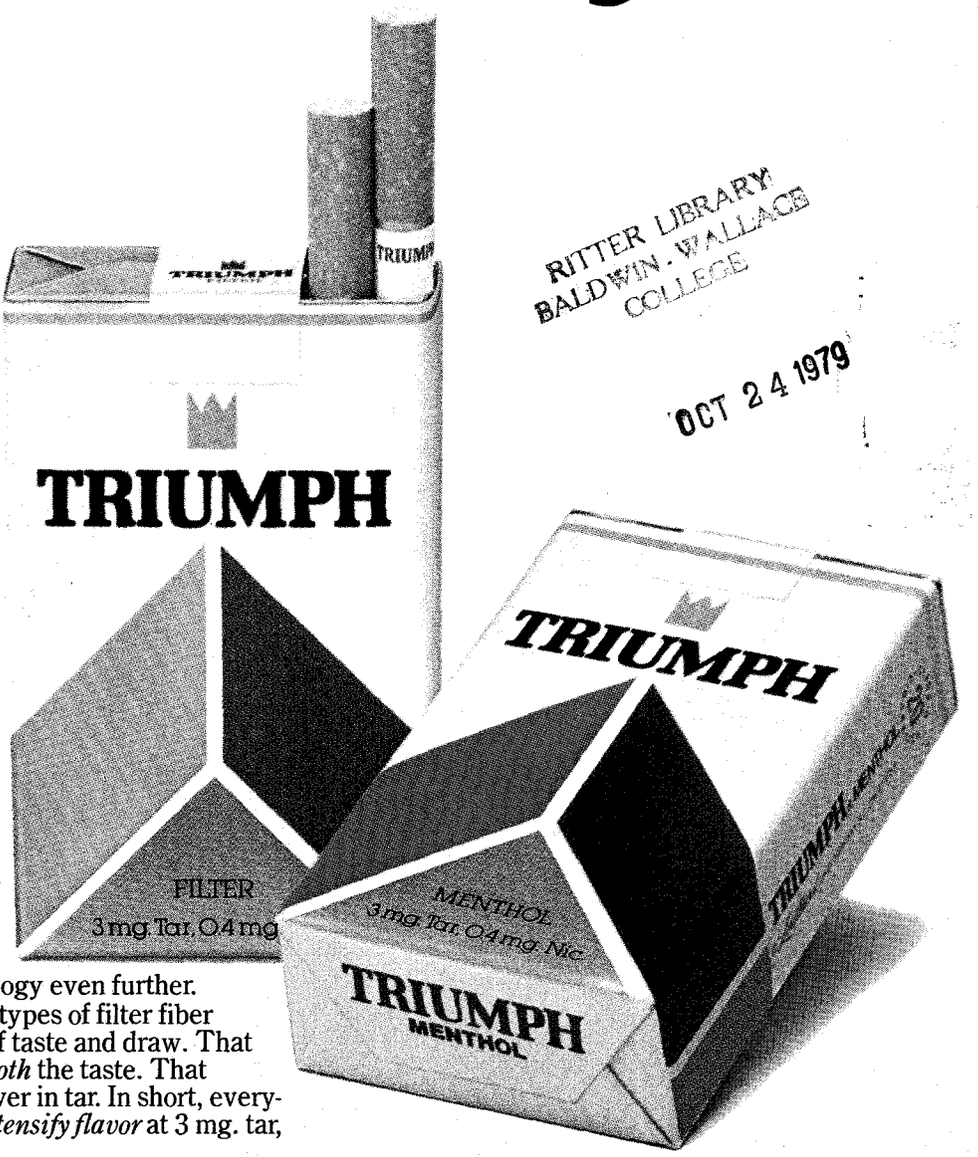

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